CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLIV, NO. 32. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1916. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS

"Here Goes"
THEODORE HAMILTON '16

THE MAGIC METAL

-:- Or, -:-

A Battleship Mystery

By Arthur Chapman

DESCHAMPS, Paris prefect of police, was concluding an interview with Felix Guerin, the youngest of his lieutenants.

"That is the whole situation as it stands before our department for solution," he said. "The secret service officials of France and England have merely proved their helplessness. We must succeed where they have failed. I have put the case entirely in your hands because I am convinced that it can be solved only by a man with scientific training. You are the one first-class laboratory man in my department.

"The sinking of these ships must be stopped at once. Five French and two English battleships have been sunk in the same mysterious fashion. My reports from Scotland Yard show the hopelessness of depending upon the English for a solution of the mystery. Their only contribution to this case has been the very obvious conclusion that the sinking of so many battleships must be part of a German plot. You are the man to bring us the answer to the riddle of these lost ships. But whatever is done must be done quickly. Another six months of such work, and there will be no check whatever on German sea power. Whatever funds you need will be placed at your disposal. But I am convinced that you should begin your work from a scientific standpoint. Good-by, and Heaven send you success!"

The words of his chief rang over and over in Guerin's head when the young detective entered his apartments and prepared to embark upon a case which had baffled the oldest and most skilled of his fellow craftsmen.

The young official laid aside his hat and coat, and, stepping to a table, littered with laboratory devices, examined a mass of metal thereon. The metal was from the bottom of a French warship which suddenly and mysteriously had foundered in port. Four other French ships had sunk in as many weeks. England had suffered the loss of two ships, under similar conditions. That some secret enemy of both nations was at work was plain to the police of England and France, but no progress had been made toward directly fixing the responsibility.

At first it was the impression that the German war office had brought about the sinking of the ships and intended to carry on a secret campaign until the navies of France and England had been destroyed, or so crippled that Germany's domination of the sea would become a matter of ease. Deschamps, the veteran prefect, who had been appealed to when the state operatives had practically admitted their helplessness, at once set his uncanny powers at work. Thru spy sources, known only to himself, he found that the sinking of the warships was as much as a mystery in the German war office as elsewhere. In fact, Deschamps was given to understand that, even had Germany found some means of destroying the fleets of its enemies, it would have scorned to make use of such power.

"Germany prefers to fight in the open when the time comes," was the message that came to Deschamps, and the gray-haired prefect frowned in perplexity, for the report only confirmed his impressions, and threw him back on the belief that the work of destruction was being carried on by some individual.

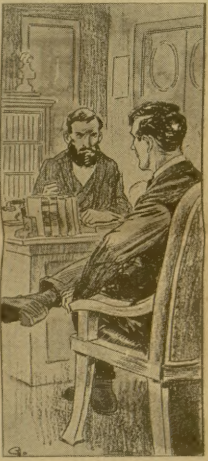
Guerin had held the same view from the first. The prefect was right when he called Guerin the greatest laboratory man in his department. The young detective had received many commendations among scientists for his research work, particularly in metallurgy. He was known as a "coming man" in scientific circles, and there was amazement when he deliberately sacrificed his opportunities as a metallurgical expert to engage in secret service work under the Paris prefect of police.

But Guerin had planned better than his scientific associates had realized. He knew that sooner or later there must arise some case so baffling that no man without scientific training could solve it. Here was the opportunity thrust within his grasp, before he had been six weeks out of the Academy.

Exultantly Guerin turned to the mass of metal on the table. Unknown to his superior officer, he had secured the metal several days before and had been hard at work upon it. The metal was from the bottom of the ship La Patrie, which had sunk in harbor, just as its sister ships had done. A great hole had let in a volume of water which could not be checked. The hole was small at first, but seemed to spread. As one officer expressed it, the hull of La Patrie seemed to become as porous as a sponge. Water poured in everywhere, and the bulkheads were of no avail. There had been no shock, hence the idea of a mine or torpedo had been abandoned at the first. La Patrie merely dived to the bottom, from no apparent cause. Three hundred of her sailors had been caught in their bunks, so suddenly had the tragedy been enacted.

La Patrie had foundered in comparatively shallow water, where divers could operate. One diver, more daring than the rest, had even managed to saw out a section of the ship's bottom. This was not difficult, because the steel seemingly had become as rotten as punk. All life seemed to have departed from it.

Guerin had secured some of the metal, and had spent hours examining it microscopically. He had been rewarded by finding a trace of foreign substance. More of this foreign substance had been found on other segments of the ship's bottom, brought up by the diver. Guerin had carefully collected every trace. The material would not have filled an ordinary teaspoon. It was rock, a canary yellow in color. After a long and tedious process, Guerin had procured a tiny amount of salts from the ore. Tonight he was ready for the supreme test.



"The sinking of these ships must be stopped."

Extinguishing the lights, Guerin bent over his table, with the lenses of a scintilloscope close to his eyes. After five or ten minutes of steady gazing at the salts beneath the lenses, he became aware of a great number of tiny flickering lights. These pointed upward like thousands of fairy searchlights, the tiny beams wavering and flickering, yet never going out.

With a sigh of relief, Guerin turned from the scintilloscope. He had proved to his own satisfaction, thru the impact of alpha rays on a screen of phosphorescent zinc sulphide, that the yellow ore which he had been found clinging to the plates of the foundered ship was carnotite.

But Guerin knew that carnotite could not bring about such a disaster as that which was astounding two great nations. He had taken only one short step toward the solution of the mystery. No radium-bearing ore in itself could have sent those seven ships so swiftly and silently to the bottom.

From his well-ordered bookcases, Guerin selected several pamphlets bearing on the latest discoveries of radium ores. He knew that the first carnotite discoveries had been made in western Colorado, and that the Paradox Valley fields in that State were still producing the bulk of the yellow ore being shipped abroad. But he also knew that neither the fields of western Colorado nor of eastern Utah had produced any new ore in conjunction with radium. Clearly he must look to other fields.

The crumbled steel from La Patrie, and the scintillating radium salts on the table lay neglected while Guerin pored over his documents. Finally a line from a German consular report from Nogales, Arizona, caught his eye. It read:

> "Herr Von Tilberg, one of Germany's most eminent mineralogists, is investigating carnotite deposits, reported to have been discovered by an American prospector in the Mexican desert, south of Nogales."

Guerin smiled grimly. He knew Von Tilberg to be one of the great German mineralogists. Also he knew that Von Tilberg, as an anti-Socialist member of the Reichstag, had inflamed all Germany by several speeches in favor of war and destruction as a biological necessity. His speeches had not met with favor in diplomatic circles, owing to their indiscreet tone, but they had made Von Tilberg a favorite among the war seekers. Diplomacy had its say, however, and Von Tilberg had quietly withdrawn from the Reichstag, and had taken up his pursuit of problems in mineralogy.

Before flinging himself on his couch, Guerin looked again into the scintilloscope. The fairy searchlights were waving and blinking as before.

"Those radium salts connect Von Tilberg with this case just as surely as a written confession could do," said Guerin to himself. "Now to find what infernal force the wizard has brought from the new carnotite fields to destroy the navies of Germany's rivals."

On the next day, Deschamps received a note, in cipher, telling him that Guerin had left Paris and departed for Nogales, Arizona.

* * * * * * *

Mines and mining formed the chief topic of conversation at Nogales, and when Guerin arrived here he found no lack of listeners and advisers, especially when he let it be known that he was looking for radium.

"There's one man above all others you want to see, then," said the hotel-keeper. "He knows more about carnotite and pitchblende, and all those new ores, than anybody else around these parts."

"What is his name?"

"Von Tilberg."

Guerin did not betray his interest.

"Where is this Von Tilberg's mine?" he asked indifferently.

"That's the queer part of it," said the landlord. "Nobody knows. Furthermore it doesn't seem to be a mine. The man goes away from here a week or two at a time, and comes back with a little ore in a handbag. At least I judge it to be ore. I happened to throw the handbag behind the stove with some other baggage one day when he had just come in, and I thought he'd kill me. Yet it couldn't have been gold ore, 'cause the bag wasn't heavy. He ain't a pocket miner, that fellow. Whatever he's got out there, he's keeping it under cover."

Guerin waited for Von Tilberg to come in from the vague country known as "the desert." On the sixth day Von Tilberg arrived at the hotel, dusty and tired from a long trip across sandy wastes.

Guerin approached Von Tilberg. The German scientist was a florid man—so florid that the desert sun and wind never tanned him, but merely peeled his face in successive layers. Just now his face was raw and almost bleeding as the result of his long trip into the desert. Von Tilberg would have nothing to do with any radium proposition. He knew nothing of any carnotite deposits. Both carnotite and pitchblende might be found in plenty up in Colorado, but there was none down here. If the stranger wanted radium, why not go where radium-bearing ores were being found?

Guerin did not press the matter. He apologized to Von Tilberg for taking his time. Von Tilberg grunted and buried himself in his paper, but he peered over the top of the sheet when Guerin went out of the door. Guerin hired a saddle horse and rode out several miles to the cabin of an Apache named Chihuahua Frank. He parleyed with Frank a short time, and then returned to Nogales, apparently intent on talking carnotite with every prospector who came in.

Von Tilberg waited a few days, studying Guerin intently. Then one morning the German disappeared. Guerin stayed on at the hotel, but every day or two he would take a horseback ride which generally brought him to the cabin of Chihuahua Frank. The Apache himself was not at home. Guerin played with Frank's children, and gave them many coins, to the delight of Mrs. Frank. One day Frank himself greeted Guerin.

"I followed the German as you directed," said the Indian. "It was good that you sent me alone. The man suspected something. He watched the back trail like a hawk. At times I had hard work to keep from being seen. But I have tracked your German to his mine. He is there now. Four days and we can reach him."

The dust of desert travel was not off Chihuahua Frank's moccasins before he started out again, this time with Guerin riding at his side. Frank had trailed for Sieber, chief of scouts under Crook, and other famous Indian fighters. He followed Von Tilberg's dim trail across the desert as if each footprint had been made in concrete. Guerin rode all day uncomplainingly, tho the desert's hot breath choked him. At night he shivered under a single blanket.

On the morning of the fourth day Frank indicated that they must leave their horses. Softly they threaded their way among the sandhills and the knife-edged rocks. Crawling to the top of a hill, Frank pointed to a man working at a shaft three or four hundred yards away. The shaft evidently was not more than twenty-five feet deep. The man would lower a bucket by means of a crude windlass, and then he would climb down and fill it. Climbing out, he would draw up the bucket and empty it, and then would go thru the same laborious process again.

The man was Von Tilberg, of that Guerin made certain. Then he paid Chihuahua Frank, and the Indian departed, jingling what was to him much gold.

Guerin watched Von Tilberg most of the day. It was hot on the sandhill, but the detective's interest never flagged. Von Tilberg brought up at least thirty buckets of rock, and then spent an hour or two in the afternoon sorting over the pile.

When Von Tilberg had finished sorting the ore, he looked up and saw Guerin standing at his side. The German sprang for his revolver, but the Frenchman, expert in "la savate," kicked him neatly in the jaw with the toe of his heavy-soled boot, and Von Tilberg fell back in the sand unconscious.

Guerin tied his man, hand and foot, and propped him against a rock. When Von Tilberg recovered consciousness, Guerin was no longer a detective but a scientist, with the desert for his laboratory. He was pounding up some of the rock which Von Tilberg had sorted out.

"Crazy pig of a Frenchman!" shouted Von Tilberg. "There's no radium in that ore!"

"I'm not after radium, and you know it," said Guerin. "I'm after this new metal that has sunk seven battleships. You're a great scientist, Herr Von Tilberg, and have made a rare discovery here in the desert. The trouble is you put it to the wrong use at the start."

Von Tilberg struggled to his feet, and then fell on his face in the sand. He rolled and kicked, and tried to bite his bonds, and all the time he cursed Guerin in a torrent of German oaths.

"I know all now!" he howled. "You're Guerin of the Paris police—the only scientist under that old weasel of a Deschamps. I should have shot you, as I thought of doing, when you accosted me at the hotel."

"I was prepared to shoot first," said Guerin. "Vex me no more with your regrets, as I must find the properties of this ore."

Guerin had been crushing samples be-

TO LEDGER READERS

BE SURE and get next week's issue of the Ledger and take a squint at its two big, new stories, "THE WIRELESS PLOT; or, ON DEAD MAN'S REEF," by Marquis James, and "HIS PURPLE CAT; or, A REAL GOLD CURE," by Eduardo H. Griffith. If it is hot, sleepy weather at your house, read these stories and they will keep you awake. Boys, look out for a new boys' serial soon. It will be a hummer. Have you taken a look at the picture of "Chum," and read how you may get the pony? He has been in the last three issues of the Ledger. Get him.

tween wooden blocks, as he had seen Von Tilberg doing. The ore was soft and crushed readily. Guerin noticed that there was some carnotite with it. He tossed the crushed ore into a large wooden tray, as he had seen Von Tilberg do. Then he threw a double handful of the crushed rock into the German's frying pan. The utensil seemed to crumble at the touch of the ore. Picking up the mass which had once been a steel frying pan, Guerin saw that it had the same putty-like properties of the metal that had been brought up from the hull of La Patrie.

Throwing more of the crushed ore on a prospector's shovel, Guerin saw the blade of the implement turn to putty. A heavy single-jack, or hammer, used by miners, was instantly made useless in the same manner.

"You have my sincere admiration, Herr Von Tilberg," said Guerin, taking off his hat in mock politeness. "You made a wonderful discovery here in the desert—a new metal, which, when put in close proximity to iron or steel, immediately draws all the properties therefrom. I shall take the liberty of now christening this new metal 'Von Tilberg Ore' in honor of its discoverer. Only why did you put it to such base uses?"

"Base uses!" shouted Von Tilberg in another frenzy. "I would have destroyed all the battleships of Germany's rivals had you let me alone. I would have given Germany the mastery of the seas and preponderance of power, lacking which is costing her the lifeblood of tens of thousands of men. Then, after Germany had dictated her terms to the nations without ships, I would have turned my secret over to our war office, and German domination of the world would be secure forever."

"A brilliant dream, and well started toward execution," said Guerin. "But you should have covered your tracks a little better. A tiny bit of carnotite mixed with the ore with which you sunk La Patrie told me that this wonderful new agency, which was sinking so many ships, must have come from the radium fields. You told a German consul you were here hunting carnotite, and his item in a consular report put me on your trail."

"My contempt for the police of all nations made me careless," said Von Tilberg. "I did not think of their fighting science with science—of pitting a scientist against a scientist. Come, Guerin, this will mean your fortune as well as mine. Share my secret with me, and we will sell our discovery to the German war office at once. Think what it means to put a weapon like that in the hands of any nation. It means the end of steel ships. It even means the end of huge cannon, for I had planned to destroy the products of gun works, even as I began to destroy the ships of Germany's enemies."

"How did you manage to destroy so many ships without being caught?" asked Guerin.

"Bah—it was easy!" cried the German. "I joined the throng on visitors' day. I carried some of my 'Von Tilberg Ore,' as you have seen fit to name it, in a little wooden case in my coat. Wood is a nonconductor, but an iron beam, or even a nail that led to the outer sheathing of steel, gave me my opportunity. A little of this ore dropped on a connecting piece of metal, and it would begin eating, eating, like an animal. When once it reached the outer plating, great areas of steel were turned to cheese. Sometimes a ship would go down within an hour after I had visited it, and again the sinking would take twelve hours. But not once did the crowning discovery of the great Von Tilberg, as you have called him, fail to work. More perfect achievement has never been known to science."

Guerin lit his pipe, and the hand that held the match trembled slightly.

"How did you find this ore?" he asked.

"I saw a seam of dark green metal against the canary yellow of a carnotite deposit not ten yards from where you are standing," said Von Tilberg. "I tried to break it out with my prospector's hammer, and behold! the implement turned to putty in my hands. I sought to shovel it, and my shovel became worthless. Then I knew I had found the most wonderful metal in the world—something that would draw the properties of hardness from the toughest steel. There is only the tiniest seam of ore in the vein. Getting it out is a process of much labor, as you have seen. Perhaps it is well that there is not much of such ore to be found. It might mean the destruction of the world—the elimination of that power of cohesion which keeps us from flying into star dust. As it is, there is just enough to enable us to control human affairs as we will. Loose these bonds, and I pledge you my word that you shall be my partner, Guerin."

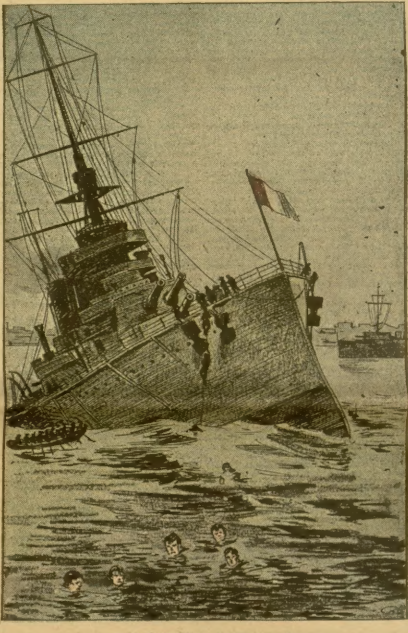
"I know your word is good," mused Guerin, "and that you will do exactly as you say."

"Yes, yes," interposed Von Tilberg. "We shall be partners. See what a weapon we can put in the hands of any nation. It means the end of steel ships, if we will it."

"And in the hands of Anarchists it means the end of steel trains, steel bridges and steel buildings," said Guerin. "In fact, it pretty nearly means the end of civilization."

"It will not get into the hands of the Anarchists," said Von Tilberg, watching Guerin narrowly. "The German war office would guard such a secret jealously forever. And it would make us rich. There is no knowing how much of this metal there is. It runs in streaks. I have mined a little of it and then I have repeatedly lost the vein. Even now the seam is hardly wider than a knife-blade. In all I have not found forty pounds of the metal. But another hundred pounds will make us rich. One pound, rightly placed, will sink the greatest battleship.

"You see, Monsieur Guerin," continued the German scientist, "I have had to do all this great work alone, and it has taken time, and the toil and worry have almost killed me. I have used too much metal in sinking the ships, and have had to come back here for fresh supplies. That is why there was a lapse of several months between the sinking of some of the ships. But I had planned to fill a large wooden box and ship the same by freight. Then I was going to destroy every dreadnaught in the British and French fleets. Then would come the fleets of America, Japan, and the other powers in their order as sea dictators. Then Germany could dictate its own terms of expansion. It could demand not one small part of South America, but the whole continent. The Monroe Doctrine—how could it be enforced by a shipless America? Smuggle some of this metal near the defenses of Panama, and the canal would be ours. One soldier corrupted, and a pound of this metal smuggled into Gibraltar, and what could keep us from the Mediterranean? All this power is in our hands—yours and mine, Monsieur Guerin. It is thru us that the world shall be ruled."



"La Patrie" had foundered.

Guerin smiled, and the bitterness in his face caused Von Tilberg to pause. Instinctively the German realized he was hoping against hope. Guerin took Von Tilberg's rifle and revolver and threw them on the pile of steel-destroying ore. Then he threw his own weapons thereon, and watched them all disintegrate. Climbing to the bottom of the shaft, Guerin brought up a copper shovel which Von Tilberg had been using.

"Copper is impervious to the action of this metal, I see, Herr Von Tilberg," he said.

Von Tilberg nodded sullenly.

With the copper shovel, Guerin threw the sorted ore back in the shaft. Then he toiled several hours, filling the shaft with the waste rock which Von Tilberg had thrown out. The German watched him stolidly and without comment. After he had filled the shaft and smoothed it over, Guerin burned Von Tilberg's little pyramid tent and the few supplies in his camp. Then he went over the ground and carefully eliminated every evidenco of human occupation.

Having completed the task to his satisfaction, and so reduced the camp site that it would require only a few weeks of desert drift to bury the slightest evidence that any prospector had ever toiled there, Guerin wrote a brief note, in cipher, which he sealed in an envelope and addressed to his chief, after affixing the stamps necessary to carry the latter to Paris.

Then he retraced his steps over the sandhills, and, after some difficulty, managed to find his horse. Removing the bridle, so there would be no chance of the reins catching a rock or tree and halting the animal, and putting the note in one of the saddle pockets, Guerin slapped the animal soundly on the flank and sent it galloping back along the trail. Confident that the horse would be found by Chihuahua Frank, Guerin went back to Von Tilberg.

The German lay in the sand staring up at the sky, too dispirited to shade his eyes from the fierce glare of the sun.

Guerin cut Von Tilberg's ankle bonds.

"Come," he said. "We must go."

"Where?" said the German, struggling to his feet.

"To the desert and death!" said Guerin. "We know too much for the good of humanity, and more particularly for our own good. It is best that both of us shall die. I cannot find it in my heart to shed the blood of so eminent a scientist as yourself, so we must both die of hunger and thirst. Perhaps you will outlast me by a few hours. I hope so. But march on."

Von Tilberg, with his arms tightly bound, staggered up the nearest sandhill, with Guerin at his side. If the German stumbled, the Frenchman courteously assisted him to rise, but always the men walked on and on.

"In a half day's time we shall be hopelessly lost and beyond help in the waterless sands," said Guerin. "In two or three days I hope our terrible secret shall be dead with us. Is it not going to be a brave death for two scientists to die? Come, brother, you are doing nobly! We, I believe, shall live after death in a higher sphere, the way to which is by love of mankind and the sacrifice of self. If this should not prove true, we yet shall have died as brave men should die, serving the best interests of mankind!"

* * * * *

Two weeks later, Deschamps opened a letter which bore a Nogales postmark. His brows were knitted over it for several minutes. Finally he destroyed it by tossing it in the grate.

"'I have stopped the sinking of battleships,'" quoted the prefect from the letter, "'but the work has led me to shoulder a burden too great for man to bear—a temptation too great for man to live under. I might turn traitor to myself and to humanity, and so I have died, and what I have found and know has died with me.'"

"Too bad—too bad!" murmured Deschamps. "Guerin was positively the most promising man in my department. I must see that his mother gets a pension!"

* * *

THE CONQUERORS.

"Yes," said one of the three women who sat on the summer hotel porch, "I can hardly wait now to see Mr. Bascom. He's coming tonight to take me home. I hardly know how I've ever managed to remain away from James all this time. Really, James and I are a ridiculously devoted couple."

A little self-conscious laugh rippled over her full face and gently shook her plump shoulders. "I'm awfully dependent upon Mr. Bascom," she went on. "Indeed, he quite makes a baby of me. It's really beautiful, isn't it, how a great, strong man loves to pet the little woman who belongs to him?"

She glanced at Miss Winters, the only unmarried woman in the group, who, being thus appealed to, said, "Yes, I suppose it is beautiful," but her tone was not one of conviction.

"Dear me, Mrs. Bascom, you shouldn't complain of your brief separation from Mr. Bascom," remarked the woman with a little girl in her lap. "You've been here only two weeks, and I've been away from home nearly all summer. I never would have done it if Mr. Collins hadn't just insisted that baby and I needed the country air. But, thank goodness, he's coming tonight, too.

"Edward's the most unselfish man that ever lived, I do believe. I know he's been absolutely desolate this summer. I really think the loneliness of our apartment has affected his health. He expected to take a vacation and come up in August, but he simply couldn't get away. He's a remarkable business man. No one in the office can take his place."

She hugged her little girl and turned to Miss Winters with a smile. "Isn't it wonderful how some men will work for their wives and children?"

"It certainly is," responded Miss Winters, mechanically.

"I often say to Edward that I can't understand why some rich girl didn't marry him for his good looks. He's the handsomest man, Miss Winters! Sometimes I wonder how he ever happened to pick out poor little me."

"My husband is extremely fine-looking, too," said Mrs. Bascom, "and he has such a brilliant mind. Indeed, his intellect quite overshadows mine, and, to tell you the truth, he's a bit masterful in his way now and then. But we women need some one to lean on. We realize that our husbands know better than we do about many important matters, so we ought to defer to them. Don't you think so, Miss Winters?"

"I do," agreed Mrs. Collins, before Miss Winters had time to frame an answer. "I say to Edward that he must decide everything for baby and me. He's the captain of our little family craft. Dear me, Miss Winters, it must be hard for you sometimes not to have a man to assume responsibilities. But, of course, girls—unmarried women—are quite independent nowadays," she added, with patronizing kindness.

"Oh I manage to rub along," returned Miss Winters, but she rose from her seat and strolled away. Altho she knew herself to be a busy and happy woman, she could not help feeling solitary in the presence of such enthusiastic wives.

A brisk tramp around the lake brought back her usual good spirts and it was with only a mild envy that she saw, as she neared the hotel at dusk, one of her companions of an hour or two earlier hurrying down the driveway to meet the village bus. She paused in the shadow of a tree in order not to intrude upon what she felt would be a tender reunion between husband and wife.

She was startled to see a fat, bald-headed man alight from the bus and give Mrs. Collins a most casual kiss.

"Well, I got here at last," he said jovially. "I thought I'd run up and see if you'd like to stay during the autumn. You can just as well as not. I'm getting along tiptop."

Was this the devoted husband who was pining away in the city for the wife of his bosom? Miss Winters asked herself this question with inward laughter.

Then she saw Mrs. Bascom striding down the path with a red-headed little man following her as meekly as a pet lamb. Could that be the intellectual giant on whose wisdom his wife depended for her guidance? Miss Winters sank upon the grass and rolled about in a paroxysm of mirth.

"And I was almost sorry for my state of single blessedness," she said to herself as she rose and went toward the hotel in joy and thankfulness.

* * *

Much to Talk About.

"Mrs. Chatter seems to be quite a conversationalist."

"Yes. She has three cars to brag about and six servants to complain of."

The Mandalore Princess

-:- Or, -:-

The Great Ruby of Roo

By Will Gage Carey

[Copyright 1916 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 29, July 15. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIX.

DID you ever dream that some awful danger threatened, and you struggled and fought on and on until exhausted; that the blows you rained upon your antagonist were wholly futile, and tho delivered with all your strength, were brushed aside lightly as feathers?

Well, now I seemed in some such mental state: it must be all a horrible dream—all our struggling and mighty effort that was to count for naught against the rush of our relentless foes! Would I never awaken and end all this torture and agony? Fortunately, tho, I still continued to strive—to fight on.

I reached Ransom's side, stooped and picked up the fallen burden, then dashed on again, just as my old matie staggered in dazed manner to his feet again. I glanced back over my shoulder; he was bowling along madly again, and close behind him, panting, straining, came the Zans!

Fifteen yards ahead loomed the tunnel entrance—now ten—five. We dashed thru!

I laid down the slender form, then, with Ransom at my side to aid, rolled the big bowlder down into place. Not a second too soon; the cloud of dust, raised by the rock as it slipped into place, blew straight against the ferocious face of the first Zan warrior. The others were close behind. Too late! They were blocked out completely. For the time being, at least, we were safe. The great race was won.

We rested a few moments, listening to the screams and yells of the Zans, which reached us even thru the rock walls. Then we carried the girl tenderly back to the little room which adjoined the one next to our own. Here I started a cheery fire, and Ransom brought in balsam boughs for a couch. We laid her down, and I bathed her brow in water which Ransom brought from the spring in one of the melons we had hollowed out for a basin.

Oh, she was beautiful as she lay there in the glare of the firelight! Sweet and beautiful in her limp helplessness, her long black hair streaming down over the white raiment, which, in truth, seemed but a shade whiter than her own still face.

Ransom hovered over her in a state of mental agitation, much in the manner that a fear-stricken hen might act over one little lonely chick.

"Will she live, Harold?" he whispered hoarsely. "Tell me now, old matie—will she live?"

I paused and looked up at him.

"Live!" I exclaimed. "Of course she'll live—if you stop acting the blame fool long enough to give her a chance to live!"

"But what—what shall I do?"

"Here, take this damp cloth and bathe her brow," I said, "while I go get some more water." He sank down beside her, and I picked up the melon-rind and hurried back to the spring.

When I returned, an astonishing sight met my gaze. The little human sacrifice had evidently just opened her eyes in consciousness. She had partially risen upon one elbow, and was looking straight into the handsome, boyish face of my matie, Ransom. There was nothing in her look either of great wonderment, or of fear—just a simple, abiding trust; and one little, slender hand was placed, as in childlike faith, over his great, brown paw.

And Ransom—well, I had seen him under many conditions, in many moods; had seen him in bloody conflict with maddened, brawny men, mauling and bruising. But never had I seen him as now, so permeated with the spirit of gentleness and sympathy.

As yet neither had spoken a word, that is, with their lips. But in that silent, soulful exchange of glances was entire, complete understanding; more real heart-to-heart conversation than might be conveyed in several dialects, seventeen languages—and Yiddish!

I felt a great uneasiness arising within me. The way things were panning out, where was I to get off with that "Princess" stuff? At the rate they were getting acquainted, she would be giving him her right name—and 'phone number—inside of five minutes; and she wouldn't mention anything about "Mandalore" either. He, however, would have considerable to say about it as soon as he got me alone. I would have to square this thing up somehow, and before they got to talking things over between themselves.

I stepped on into the room. She looked up at me with just a tinge of wonderment in her eyes, I thought, as tho she endeavored to determine just where I filled in, as regards the general scheme of events which had all transpired so suddenly; but she smiled sweetly, and I felt sure we would be good friends in time.

Ransom paid no heed to me whatever; his thoughts were all of our little guest and her comfort. Presently he withdrew to the other room, to prepare a repast. Now was my opportunity; and I knew that I must hasten. I took a seat upon a rock near to her, and asked pleasantly:

"Well, Princess, feeling better now, are you?"

This time there was no mistaking the wonderment in her eyes.

"'Princess'!" she repeated, softly. "Why do you call me that?"

I laughed, uneasily, I fear.

"Why, the fact of the matter is, we often, in our country, use the term in addressing those we wish to please, and who are pleasing to us; and so——"

"But I am not a princess!"

"I know; but now—oh, well, I want you to let us call you Princess—to speak of you as the Princess of Mandalore. Now won't you? Some time, later on, I'll tell you just why I ask this of you, but not now. Still, it will please me very, very much if you will do this, and say nothing more of it at the present time. Will you?"

She was silent for a moment, busily thinking.

"And this other man," she said, flushing slightly, "will it please him very much, too—to call me Princess?"

"Oh, very much!" I hastened to assure her. "In fact, he sort of expects—that is to say, he—oh, well, you may be sure that he will be even as pleased with this arrangement as myself."

"Then you may call me that," she said simply. "For the present, and until such time as you wish to confide with me more fully about this matter, I am—in gratitude for all that you have done for me—the Princess of Mandalore!"

A moment later, Ransom brought in the food, and meager enough it was; but it was served steaming hot, and smelled appetizing.

"Will you have a little of the rice—Princess?" he asked, offering her a patty upon a paper plate.

To which she replied, sweetly: "Thank you, I will, please; you are very kind."

And she never batted an eye!

CHAPTER XX.

NOW, to some it may appear inconceivable that a young girl, suddenly confronting conditions such as the Princess faced upon regaining her senses, would have talked and behaved in any such composed, matter-of-fact manner as just described. There are, however, two facts to be borne in mind in this connection.

First, by heredity and training, she was primarily a fatalist. Those events which crowded themselves into her life, however startling they might be, she accepted as a matter of course. Secondly, the only white men of whom she had ever heard were good men—missionaries. So, upon regaining her senses, her first realization, no doubt, was that she had been saved from the fate impending; and that her rescuers, being white like the missionaries, would treat her right. Certainly it was a time for cheeriness rather than fear.

Another thing: I could not bring myself to believe that the Princess was wholly of Zan extraction; her looks, her evident refinement of speech and manner placed her in a class entirely remote from the other women we had seen in the temple—who, in fact, would never need fear being killed because of their good looks! Whether, in years long past, an ancestor of hers had been wrecked upon the shores of Zanora—as in Martella's own strange history—we could only surmise. At any rate, whether Zan, Aztec, or Hebrew, she was a little lady in every respect: a Princess to the manor born, and mighty good company, at that.

And she was by no means devoid of that intensely— and I may say, almost wholly—feminine attribute, curiosity! Questions? Why, she asked them by the million! About her rescue, about ourselves, how we came to be upon Zanora, how we ever expected to get off again—everything. And I guess we asked almost as many of her. She had much to tell us in return.

The Zans, she said, knew that intruders were upon their island—the captain of the archers had duly reported the sneeze—but as to our number they had little idea. They did know, tho, that we were sealed up in the cavern; and there they meant to keep us; for it would only be a question of time until starvation could effect our extermination. For this purpose they established a double row of guards entirely around the exterior of the caverns, with huge bonfires burning by night. And she added, with a note of sadness in her voice, that the outlook for us was very dark; that escape thru that double line of warriors, let alone from the island itself, was an utter impossibility.

"I can hardly share your belief in that regard, Princess," I said.

She turned her beautiful eyes toward me eagerly.

"You still have hope, then?"

"Yes; I think that we—all three of us—can escape from Zanora!"

"But how?"

"Well, I have a plan," I answered. "It may succeed, it may fail. At any rate, it is worth trying."

"What's your plan?" asked Ransom.

"My secret," I replied, "for the present. Tho to bring it about successfully, I must count upon the help of the Princess; upon her nimble fingers depends almost solely our hope of escape from Zanora!"

"I'll do all I can," she said quickly; "you can depend upon that."

"How about me?" Ransom queried glumly. "Where do I come in?"

"You don't figure much, mate," I answered, "in the active preparations. The Princess and I will attend to all that, thank you. If we need you, we'll call on you."

Oh, he was sore! But what could he do—or say— with the Princess right there looking on!

"When can we start work?" she asked, with pretty animation. "At once?"

"No," I answered her. "First of all, you must go to sleep and get a good rest. We'll leave you now, so that you can slumber all undisturbed. But let me ask you just one more question."

"Well?"

"Where is the ruby eye of the great idol?"

She answered without hesitation.

"When the idol fell," she said, "the jewel was knocked from place; no one seems to know what became of it for certain."

"But you have your own opinions?"

"Yes."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"I believe," she answered, "that Uhgantil has it; that he wears it concealed in his leather girdle."

Then we threw more fuel upon the fire, made our little captive-guest as comfortable as we could, and left her to her thoughts and dreams.

She smiled at us in parting, a dazzling smile, which, for the most part, rested wholly upon Ransom. But I didn't care; for it restored that impressionable young man to a most remarkable good humor in a most remarkably short space of time.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE room in which the natural gas burned Ransom and I had named "the kitchen;" and it was to the kitchen that I now began carrying bolts of silk; for I planned that here the Princess and I would do most of our preparatory work, where we would have both warmth and light from the flames. And now Ransom asserted himself in no uncertain terms.

"You take all the silk you want, matie," he said, "but understand this—the fireworks belong to me, personally, individually. Understand?"

"Not fully, no."

"Well, you don't need to! What I plan to do with the fireworks is my secret—tho I presume I shall share it with the Princess. I may need her help."

"Yes, I 'presume' so!"

"A portion of the rockets, however," he continued, "I will use each night in sending up distress signals from the top of the kitchen; sooner or later, a ship will be along on the lookout for some signal from us."

"A good idea."

"Mebbe some night soon we'll get a return signal; then'll you'll be ready with that escape plan of yours?"

"I hope so, Ransom," I responded. "But use care in sending up your rockets, or you will bring a pack of howling Zans straight down upon us by way of the kitchen door."

"No danger of that," he answered. "They may see the rockets whizin' thru the sky; they'll never get a line on where the streaks o' fire started from; an' I don't think they'll care to investigate any too close, either."

I left him then, for I had work to do; before the Princess could start work upon the silk, she must be provided with needles. These I must make, and I had only the bones of the sea-crabs for material of which to make them. Ransom, too, set up a workshop, in a small chamber not far from the kitchen. Here he brought our supply of fireworks, and at once began hammering and tinkering, tho what he was making, or attempting to make, I could not imagine.

In an hour the needles were finished—crude affairs, but capable of serving the purpose for which they were designed, I believed. Then Ransom joined me, and we went back to our room and retired.

I awoke first, and having little idea of the correct time, went at once to the kitchen and climbed up thru the roof to asscertain the hour. The sun was quite high in the sky, and I judged it must be all of 9 o'clock, tho the savage warriors camped around us, plainly visible from my point of vantage, were only just preparing their morning meal.

I dared not venture far, but taking out my knife finally succeeded after cautious endeavor in securing an armful of stout grapevine to take back with me. This I needed to take the place of rope in the work ahead.

When I reached the kitchen again, the Princess was awaiting me there. The night's rest had worked wonders for her. She had been to the spring, and now with cheeks aglow she stood there, as pretty a picture as any man would care to see. In another moment Ransom joined us.

"And now," she began joyously, "you must let me get breakfast ready. Where is your food supply?"

Food supply! A half a sack of rice, one small sea-crab, half a dozen clams—that was all. We showed her the extent of our rations; the joy left her face, and she became very serious.

"Nothing more?" she asked quietly.

"Nothing," I answered.

I think she grasped on the second more than either Ransom or I had done, the peril which faced us; but, as tho to keep us from becoming at once despondent—which would in no way have helped matters—she said with affected cheerfulness:

"Oh, well, we'll make out somehow! First, we'll have some nice clam broth—how will that suit?"

"Fine!" we both responded.

She turned to Ransom, her pretty cheeks dimpling.

"And after the clam broth," she said, in mock seriousness, "what will you have then?"

"I think," observed Ransom, with that quaint smile of his, "I think, then I'll have a little more of the broth!"

She laughed outright at that.

"Yes, and that is all we're going to have for breakfast, too," she said. "For dinner I'll prepare a little of the rice so that it will go a long way—and look like a lot! I think this can be done by mixing some of the crab with it."

"I'm sure you can fix it up just fine!" exclaimed Ransom, with such vehement ardor that our little cook's long lashes drooped against her cheeks, into which a heightened color was creeping.

She busied herself preparing the clams, using the crude utensils Ransom and I had fashioned from the zinc lining of the goods box. We made a table of loose boards, and around this we gathered eagerly when our meal was ready.

The broth was only fair, the company, however, excellent; we were having a jolly time, indeed, when a great pounding began upon the board partition with which we had closed up the entrance, accompanied by a muffled chorus of yells and shrieks from attacking Zans!

The Princess started up in alarm, but we quieted her easily; for we knew that we had made the opening absolutely impregnable, and that we need feel no alarm in that regard.

"They smell this clam broth!" exclaimed Ransom. "I can't much blame 'em for tryin' to get in to it!"

And the little Princess giggled in unfeigned delight.

CHAPTER XXII.

THAT was the sunnier side of our existence—the scene just described, and many similar to follow; but there were shadows, too, creeping close in about us—inevitable facts that even the spirits of youth could not always bear up under; the dread reality that we were helpless prisoners, surrounded by an armed guard awaiting the chance to shoot us down like rats if we ventured from our cavernous abode. And the pinch of hunger! We were becoming wan and weakened; our rations had dwindled down to almost nothing.

But we were getting along famously with my preparations for the attempt at escape upon which we staked all. From morning until night the little Princess bent over the folds of silk, her slender fingers flying as she sewed and stitched and seamed under my direction.

Of course, at times (precious, happy moments for her, I believe) she would leave our work there in the kitchen, and go over to Ransom's workshop, to chat with him—to pretend, in pretty seriousness, that she was helping him. Well, she was! Helping to go on with the fight; helping by her sweet presence for him to bear up bravely, and to still hope, even when for us there seemed no hope.

Once, when I went into his workshop suddenly, I came upon them sitting close together upon a rude bench. There was a smooth board across their laps; and upon this, with a piece of charcoal, Ransom had drawn a rough sketch of a little bungalow—his own bungalow, up there on the Peak overlooking Hong-Kong Roads; and she sat there, nestling close beside him, a strange new light in her eyes.

I tiptoed out again without disturbing them, but my heart ached, Poor, helpless, starving, hoping lovers!

And I thought of the Ruby of Roo. Were its roseate, scintillating gleams mere omens of evil? Did it ever lure me on and on to danger and grief, with no thought of bringing good or happiness?

Of course, in this case, it wasn't exactly the Ruby of Roo that got us into this fix; it was sort of a cousin, or rather, perhaps, a sister eye to that other ruby. Well, they were all in the same family; and I was beginning to feel that they were both "bad medicine." Perhaps, too, this was hardly fair; for had not the gleaming eye of the idol lured us to Zanora, where would the Princess have been at this very moment? That thought, too, was worthy of some consideration.

During these busy days, we learned more regarding affairs upon the island. Uhgantii, so the Princess told us, was suspicious of what had brought us to Zanora. This added to the bitterness of his hatred. An edict had gone forth that death in its most horrible form should be ours, should starvation at last drive us forth from our stronghold.

We learned another thing, too—after much tactful questioning. The ruler of Zanora was in love with the Princess, himself! He had sought to spare her from being offered up in the temple—provided that she would become his bride. Both she and the populace had rebelled at this idea; she, because she hated and despised him; the populace for the same reason, with the added obsession that the gods demanded the most beautiful—and none save the one chosen could measure up to that.

And now that Uhgantii knew that the intended sacrifice was safe with us, his consuming wrath and hate must have been terrible indeed.

Each night, with all caution possible, Ransom sent up a rocket; but no return signal welcomed his longing eyes. And now we kept extra watch for a passing ship; for the moment of our attempted departure was almost at hand.

Then came a morning I shall never forget. I was the first to awaken; calling Ransom, we went to the spring and washed, expecting to be greeted by the Princess upon our return, and to hear her cheery "good morning!" But she was not in her room; we could find no trace of her whatever. We called aloud; we searched every chamber; she was gone!

Then, as we entered the kitchen, we found a small woven basket upon the floor containing fresh dates and yams. The secret was out; she had ventured forth to procure food for us. Encouraged by her first successful attempt, she had gone back again for more. She was risking her life—that we might eat!

Our sense of gratitude, however, was overshadowed by the realization of her peril. How had she got out? We went to the tunnel leading into the temple of Khan; yes, she had gone this way. With a long board for a lever, she had moved the bowlder sufficiently to squeeze her way thru.

We looked out across the cathedral expanse. Suddenly Ransom gave a cry of joy! We beheld her there, gliding toward us swiftly along the shadows of the colonnade, a basket of food upon her arm.

Our rejoicing was short-lived. Of a sudden, a horde of painted savages arose from the clustering shadows; they bore down upon her with shrill shrieks of triumph, yelling, screeching, jumping high in the air, and shaking their long spears. A second more, and they had surrounded her, were carrying her away.

We saw her white face turned to us mutely—one last parting look of silent appeal. Then she was lost to our sight amidst the black mass surging about her.

I can imagine Ransom's thoughts at that terrible moment. My own reverted to a certain passage of Scripture with sudden force, and as never before:

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAD we been supplied with weapons, I verily believe we would have been reckless and foolhardy to the extent of throwing ourselves upon the Zans, in a desperate attempt to rescue the Princess, even tho we were outnumbered fifty to one. Yes, it would have been a crazy thing to do; but at that moment the sight of her struggling in their power was enough well-nigh to madden us beyond all sense or reason; this, and the taunts and jeers which they flung back at us as they made their way quickly out of the temple, to take their captive at once to be judged again by Uhgantii.

We could picture the delight with which he would behold her shrinking at his feet again. Now, doubtless, the sacrificial ceremonies would be repeated; and this time they would take the greatest care that no slip occurred as before. But first, likely, they would torture her in an attempt to make her divulge information regarding ourselves.

That day which followed was a terrible one for us both within our cavern. Now we realized to the fullest how far the presence of our little fellow captive had cheered our existence—now that she was gone! Ransom sat distracted and glum, or else raged up and down like a madman; I could do or say little to quiet and comfort him.

Finally, along toward noon, I took the basket of food she had brought to us, and prepared dinner, cooking the yams in hot wood-ashes. It was the first semblance to a real meal we had beheld for days; the odor of the baked yams was savory and inviting; still, at first, neither of us could eat a morsel.

"Harold," my sorrowing companion said dolefully, "it would choke me to eat that food—knowing as I do that her life was the price paid for it!"

Fortunately, I saw where such reasoning was faulty, and the height of folly.

"Let me tell you something, mate," I answered, "the Princess brought us that food that we might eat it, and be strengthened for what is ahead of us, whether it be fleeing or fighting. We needed it then; we need this added strength a hundred-fold more now since this last blow fell upon us. Somehow we've got to save her; it will be a man-size job; we will need every ounce of strength and of vital energy to bring this thing about. Now, eat!"

He started in, and made a hearty meal of the fresh dates and yams; and it was indeed well that he did so.

All the afternoon I worked away in the kitchen, getting things in readiness for an attempt at escape that very night, if the time seemed propitious. I could not foretell just when the right moment would come; but I resolved at least to be ready. The Princess had finished her sewing; all that remained to be done now was for me to arrange certain details of final preparation. Would my plan succeed; would all of our days of labor be in vain? Frankly, I was not exceeding confident; my theory was all right, but would it work out in actual practice? It seemed almost too much to expect, with the crude means of accomplishing my purpose; still, it would be worth trying out. And if we once succeeded in getting beyond the confines of that double chain of campfires, we might at least then have a fighting chance.

As for Ransom, he spent the entire afternoon at the entrance of the temple, in an endeavor to get some line on the movements of Uhgantii and his hordes. It must have been along toward nightfall that he came clambering down from the roof of the kitchen, whither he had gone without my noticing. His face was white; he was all wrought up.

"Harold," he exclaimed, "there's a ship in the offing!"

I jumped to my feet.

"A ship!" I gasped.

"Yes; I sent up a rocket. They answered. They are now likely riding at anchor, awaiting our next move—or else to make a landing when it gets darker."

"Tonight, then, matie," I said, "we must make our dash for liberty; once we attain that, we can wage our war for the Princess!"

He left me to my work, going at once to the tunnel entrance again. In less than a moment he came running back in desperate haste.

"Quick, Ransom!" he shouted. "Uhgantii and all his people are coming into the temple!"

I rushed back with him to the entrance. As he said, Uhgantii, his warriors, courtiers and dusky subjects were slowly filing into the great cathedral, much in the manner we beheld them before when they came to raise the fallen idol. And now—pitiful sight—we beheld the captive Princess! She was walking between two giant Zans, each of whom held a long, glittering two-edged sword.

They came to a halt near the throne of the Goddess of Khan, and made the same formation as on that prior occasion. Then a detachment of archers suddenly left the main body of warriors, and came straight toward the place where we stood overlooking all. The two swordsmen, with the Princess, fell in behind them, the entire procession advancing rapidly toward us.

"They bring some message from the King," I whispered to Ransom, "some offer, or terms, I take it."

"No, you're off there!" he replied.

"Why so?" I asked.

"Well, why should Uhgantii care to treat with us? He's captured the Princess; he considers us helpless captives; all he needs do is to play a waiting game."

"Listen," I answered. "This Princess is a pretty wise little dame. Doubtless, by this time, she's got Uhgantii believing all sorts of things which are not true! She's told him we have all the food we will require, and means of getting more; that, sooner or later, we are sure to escape from the cavern; and she's probably got him half-crazy with jealousy, praising you to him! At any rate, she's started something; we'll soon know what it is."

The archers advanced to a point within forty yards of where we stood, then stopped. The Princess mounted to a bowlder near by, with her guard close to her, and began speaking.

"I bring a message from Uhgantii," she said, making an effort to control her tones. "If you two refuse to come out and give yourself up at once, I am to be immediately killed at the feet of the idol!"

She paused to collect her strength, then resumed:

"Uhgantii makes this offer: If you will come forth, he himself will fight you both in fair fight in a cleared space before his army! If you overpower him, you will be free to depart unharmed from Zanora, and my life shall be spared. If not, you two will be slain as a sacrifice to the idol in my place." She stopped for a moment, then resumed in a changed voice: "I am only a messenger; I do not urge you in this moment of peril; I cannot advise. But I must take back your answer. Will you two meet King Uhgantii single-handed in fair fight?"

Ransom stepped boldly forth.

"Lead us to your King," he said. "Our answer shall be to him direct!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

DURING the interval required for the deliverance of the King's challenge, a steady stream of eager and excited Zanoras had been pouring into the temple. Now that portion adjacent to the idol was banked solidly with black humanity, restless, uneasy, but silent and under far better control and discipline than might have been expected.

Uhgantii stood upon a slight elevation, surrounded by his courtiers, and with his faithful Jader at his side, the latter's small, piercing eyes keenly alert to all transpiring around about the royal party. But a few yards away yawned the fiery chasm from the flames of which the cathedral received its light.

To this point the archers led us, straight up to the King, then turned, and took their position a little to the left, forming a hollow square, with the Princess and the two swordsmen in their center.

From his immense height, Uhgantii stood looking down upon us, a look of scorn and contempt upon his evil face, his eyes gleaming with fierce and malignant hatred and constrained fury. He would not condescend, however, to speak with us; the interview was to be conducted thru the captain of the archers as medium.

This officious warrior now took his position before us, and, amidst a great silence of the assembled hosts, awaited an answer to the message delivered to us by the Princess.

I tapped Ransom upon the shoulder.

"Tell him what you have to tell him, matie," I said. "Go as far as you like. I'm with you all the way!"

Ransom turned to the captain of the archers.

"Your King," he began, "is willing to settle this thing by personal combat. Is that the idea?"

"Yes."

"With weapons?"

"No."

"U-mm; unarmed then. What sort of fight—wrestling, boxing——"

"It does not matter; it is to be a fight without weapons, and a fight to the death!"

"A sort of free-for-all, go-as-you-please——"

"A mortal combat—call it what you will."

"And he, alone, will meet us two in such mortal combat?"

"Yes; as sacred protector of his people, their honor and traditions, their most——"

"Ah, can that stuff! If he wants to fight it's because he thinks he sees somethin' in it for himself, savvy! Why, the big Shinola——"

"Sir-r!" broke in the King, fiercely, "r-remember——"

"Say, you big stew!" exclaimed Ransom, savagely, "don't you roll no r's at me! I won't stand for it!"

Then, amidst the astounded silence of the throng, there piped up the shrill voice of the dwarfish Jader: "Oh, King Uhgantii! Permit not your sacred presence to be longer desecrated by these foul fiends who deign to speak to you——"

The King turned toward him fiercely.

"Silence, you!" he exclaimed. "Let us hear what this chesty young braggart has to say—if he has anything to offer besides talk."

All eyes were turned now upon Ransom. He began speaking, and the words he uttered gave me more of a painful shock than anything which had yet transpired on Zanora.

"I have thought over your offer to fight the two of us, King Uhgantii," he began slowly, "and—speaking for myself as well as my mate—I decline the offer!"

A shout of derision went up from the throng; a chorus arose from those pressing close around us, of jeers and taunts and abusive remarks. Uhgantii turned toward the Princess with a sneering grimace, as tho to say: "I thought as much! You behold now the courage and valor of these white men—your champions!"

I could not understand it at all; this was not like my old fighting bunky. Then Ransom raised his hand for silence.

"Listen, you yelping, yellow coyotes!" he began fiercely, "I'll give you something to yell about before I'm thru!"

And Jader, the dwarf, seeking only to serve his master, and willing to risk rebuke even, to do so, called out shrilly and with great affectation; for he knew that an antagonist who was consumed with wrath was at a disadvantage from the start:

"Hi soy, fellahs, hush up a bit, y'know; give the lad a show; rally, the boy's clevah!"

This sally, intended solely to anger Ransom, failed signally of its true purpose, tho it brought cheers of delight from the crowd.

Ransom resumed calmly:

"I refuse the offer to fight two to one—because in our country we don't fight that way; there we fight man against man—only the dogs fight two against one! So now I offer this challenge to you, King Uhgantii, to fight you single-handed and alone—to fight until death shall claim one or both of us; a fair fight, and for the fairest maid that ever lived! And now, King Uhgantii—if you've got as much nerve and grit in you as a chippy-sparrow, get down off that perch, and come to it!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE floor of the cathedral, for the most part, was somewhat rough and uneven. At one place, however, close to the yawning chasm of fire and directly across from the idol, was a smooth, clear space of perhaps twenty feet square. Toward this natural arena Ransom made his way briskly; and here he awaited his giant antagonist.

The uproar had died away; the crowd now was eagerly expectant, for Ransom's confident speech and bearing had imbued them with the belief that a real fight was soon to be staged, tho of course, from their point of view, there could be but one possible outcome. For how could this blond stripling, weakened by captivity, wan from lack of sufficient nourishment, be expected to triumph over the black champion, feared thruout all the South Sea isles because of his great strength, cruelty and ferocity?

I went over to speak a few words of caution and advice to my valiant tho perhaps headstrong matie; for tho I hoped for the best, I feared the worst. Still, I knew that it would be worse than useless to remonstrate with him now. He had chosen his own game, drawn cards, and would play out his hand come what might.

The King threw off his royal robes. He stood forth, stripped to the skin, save for a broad leather girdle and a short tunic of leopard-skin around his loins. His great body had been rubbed with oil—a device not infrequently resorted to by wrestlers—and his skin glowed and glistened over his immense, bulging muscles. He advanced toward us now, arrogant, scornful, confident that the whole affair, while annoying for a moment, would soon be over.

To me, he loomed up like some great, black demon, terrifying, unconquerable. Ransom, however, looked him over from head to foot, and seemed in no way perturbed. In fact, his thoughts, apparently, were all for the Princess and myself.

"Matie," he whispered hoarsely, "you keep as close as you can to the little girl, won't you? Watch your chance. Mebbe while the mob's watchin' us, you an' her can beat it back to the cavern!"

I took his hand and shook it.

"Now at the start of the fight," I said, "you be careful not to bore in too close. Remember if he ever gets a strangle hold on you—it's curtains!"

He nodded, but I don't think he heard much I said. As I turned to leave him, he clutched my arm, and whispered in parting:

"Harold, I don't know whether I can whip this big walloper or not; so if—if anything does go wrong with me, you stick to the little girl thru thick and thin? And win or lose, keep your eyes open every moment; we can't trust these dingies too far, you know. An' just one thing more, old mate; do and say all you can to make him mad. That is what I have done from the first; it's my one best bet!"

So I knew that it was for a purpose, and not mere bombast and braggadocio, when he turned suddenly to his ponderous, slow-moving antagonist, and called forth sneeringly:

"Come on, now, Shinola? What you hanging back for? Come on in and get a beating-up you'll remember for the rest of your measly, low-down life!"

The shot told. Maddened, snarling with the fury of a wild beast, Uhgantii leaped forward! For a second Ransom held his ground, poised; then he sidestepped, and as the King lunged heavily by, my mate let drive a right swing that landed full upon the royal ear, all but toppling over the giant frame!

The crowd gasped, then a cheer began; this, however, soon died away to a murmur of excitement and a hum of suspense. They wanted, it seemed to me, to yell their delight, yet dared not do so.

The fighters were at it again.

Wild with fury, the King turned; this time, however, he advanced with greater caution; he had learned a lesson, not to rush in blindly as before. He took his stand in the center of the arena: here they sparred cautiously, each seeking an opening.

They mixed, clinched—then wrenched themselves apart and were at it again. The thud of heavy blows echoed thruout the cathedral. The King was a skilled boxer, that was certain; had not Ransom cleverly ducked many of the terrible drives, the contest would have ended abruptly; as it was, the big black got in an upper-cut past Ransom's guard, and now he was bleeding profusely at the mouth; still he bored in, keeping well covered, yet raining a torrent of staggering blows in upon his towering opponent.

I glanced over at the Princess. Her terror of the approaching combat, so plainly noticeable in her eyes before the start, now had disappeared. For the moment she was back to the primitive—thrilled, enthralled by the brute force of the fighters, the contact of straining brawn against brawn, of blow on blow, and the crimson glow of blood; they were fighting for her!

Ransom feinted for the head. The black raised his guard slightly, and in shot a white fist straight to the solar plexus! A look of agony replaced the sneer upon Uhgantil's face. He came to a clinch to save himself. The crowd gasped in wonderment; a portion of the armed guard made a movement as tho to close in, but the King, seeing them, waved them back angrily. I remembered Ransom's parting request for me to anger Uhgantil; so, going in close to the arena I shouted as tho protesting:

"Aw, don't soak him again like that, Ransom! Don't end it all right now; give us a little run for our money!"

The taunt went home; the King became blind with rage. He clinched, and sought to wrestle Ransom down. There was no science to it now, just plain scrap—biting, gouging, straining, tearing, down they went together—a dogfall! Then rolling, tumbling over the stone floor, mauling, crushing, gasping for breath, first one on top, then the other!

In his frantic effort to get a hold upon the oiled body, Ransom jerked loose the King's leather girdle. It fell almost at my feet, and from out its folds rolled a great blood-red ruby—the idol's eye!

It continued rolling down the slanting floor, and, unmindful now of the fight, I gave chase. On, on it rolled, close to my outstretched hand, but ever just beyond reach; and then, with one last spiteful gleam and bound, it fell over into the chasm—lost forever to mortal sight and search.

I looked again toward the arena, and I forgot on the instant the disappearing ruby; for there a definite turn in the fight had taken place; and Ransom lay prostrate, with the giant black form above him, pinioning him down, crushing, choking, suffocating!

CHAPTER XXVI.

IT WAS a moment when all form of discipline—amongst savages—would fail utterly to hold. The archers forgot their hollow square, the swordsmen forgot the prisoner they were supposed to guard; each, all crowded forward to witness every detail of the raging fight upon the edge of the crater.

With difficulty I restrained my mad impulse to rush to Ransom's aid; instead, I went over to the Princess.

"Quick, girlie!" I gasped. "Now's your chance; run—run for the cavern!"

She turned a rebellious gaze upon me. "Me run!" she exclaimed. "No sir-ee bob; I'm going to see this fight out!"

I pleaded, implored, threatened with like avail; finally, luckily for us, I did get her to consent to run over to a high elevation up toward the entrance to our tunnel, where she could still view the fight, and yet be where she could fly at a instant's warning.

A strange cry arose from the close-surging throng; something of startling nature was taking place; I crowded my way thru.

Those who have watched Frank Gotch in action will recall one certain hold of his, which, about all others, brought excruciating torture to his antagonist, and quickly brought tangible results—the famous toe-hold. This, by supreme effort, Ransom had managed to secure; slowly, surely he was twisting Uhgantil's massive frame into an agonized mass of ineffectiveness!

Now, to cringe and falter, to quit cold even, under the sickening torture of that hold does not of necessity imply lack of grit and gameness; it is simply beyond the power of human endurance to withstand it. So Uhgantil ceased his determined efforts to choke my matie insensible, and devoted all his strength in a frenzied endeavor to release his toe from the viselike grip. In this he finally succeeded, and sprang to his feet, weak and tottering.

From none in all that throng came a cheer for him, a word of encouragement; from none save only Jader, the Jester, who thruout the conflict had sat distraught at the way things were going, but still firmly expectant that his master would finally annihilate his stripling adversary; and it was he who now called out shrilly:

"That's giving him a fair shake, Kink—letting him up when you've got him flat on his back; but end this thing up now; go in and 'get' him!"

The King, however, had no need to "go in," for Ransom was on him as tho shot from a catapult. With an upward leap, he landed full against the gigantic, black chest, entwined his limbs like binding tentacles, then, with both hands free to attend solely to the work ahead, he clutched his long powerful fingers around the King's throat, and the beginning of the end was at hand!

Uhgantil's giant head lolled back; the ferocious gleam went from his eyes; his tongue protruded as he gasped frantically in his effort to breathe. He strived in frenzy to shake loose this gripping foe; he pawed and tore at him, but with hands no longer capable of using effectively their vast strength, his fingers clutching and clinching aimlessly.

A sudden cry from the Princess rang out—a shrill cry of warning! And then I saw that from his leopard-skin belt, Uhgantil had drawn a dagger; this he was striving to get into such position that he could plunge it into Ransom's back!

Warned by the cry, and conscious now of the King's treacherous resort, Ransom released his hold, and in an alert and upright position awaited the expected thrust of the dagger. To deliver this with the greatest power, the King stepped back a pace—fatal mistake! So near had they been struggling to the crater's edge that now this backward step of the black gladiator—frenzied in his losing fight—brought him suddenly flush with the brink, then crashing on over, down, down into the fiery depths below!

The tragic end had come as suddenly as a flash of lightning; the vast throng remained as tho stricken dumb with terror, yet scarce able to comprehend fully the awful thing which had happened. And now I saw a small, pitiful figure stoop and lean far out over the brink, looking down into the roaring flames—Jader, the Jester. Suddenly he straightened up to his full height, and with spindling arms thrust upward, he uttered a piercing scream.

Such a cry! It was not so much the anguish of a soul in mortal torture, as of one who mourns for another, a moaning which comes from a broken heart, when such grieving is powerless to bring back the lost. Even as the echoes of this last wail sounded in our ears, we saw him plunge on over the brink, down to the depths of unquenchable fire.

So died Jader, the dwarf—the one true soul in all that island kingdom who loved his King.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHILE it may have been that the people of Zanora feared, hated, despised their ruling monarch, still such fact did not necessarily portend that they cherished any especial affection for us for having brought about an end to his unholy and infamous reign.

We had violated their sacred temple, stolen their sacrifice, slain their King—now they would fix us!

The momentary stunning of their senses and faculties, however, by the tragic events at the chasm's brink, had given us an opportunity we were by no means slow of grasping; and now as they turned to wreak their mad vengeance, we were halfway to our own cavern, with the Princess leading by a good, safe margin.

We were secure within, with the bowlder rolled back in place by the time the howling mob reached the entrance; this security, however, was but for the moment only; for, enraged now at us beyond all endurance, the frantic Zans brought in the trunk of a tree, stripped of branches, and this they began using against our barricade with telling effect. It was certain that we could not hold out against them for long.

Leaving Ransom to strengthen and hold the tunnel as best he could, the Princess and I ran on to the kitchen, where I had left things in such state that preparation for escape would continue even during our absence in the temple. Now all was in readiness for our daring effort to leave our prison and the constantly threatening dangers of Zanora far behind. The bolts of silk, sewed by the deft fingers of the Princess, I had placed in the proper position so that the heated fumes from the pyramid of gas jets entered the double, sack-like folds; and now, straining and tugging at its grapevine cables, was a small captive balloon!

It was a crude affair; it was not roundly symmetrical, it sagged sadly upon one side; and yet, upon the whole I felt a pride in what the Princess and I had been able to create with the insufficient means at hand. Would it bear the weight of three? Not to a great height, and not far—just beyond that grim, double circle of campfires, and out over the waves until we could reach a boat from the anchored ship; that is all we asked of it!

I sent up a rocket from the roof of the kitchen. An agonized moment of suspense followed; then—joyous sight—I beheld an answering signal. Those aboard the ship would be looking out for us. In desperate haste I took out my knife, and began clearing the roof of vines and debris, so that the balloon could rise when loosened.

The supreme moment was at hand; we went to call Ransom. We met him running rapidly toward us from the tunnel.

"No use!" he exclaimed, "they're battering away the barricade. In three moments, at the most, they'll be in upon us! Your plan—are you ready?"

"Ready and waiting," I answered. Then, a sudden thought coming to me, I asked: "How about your own preparations you've been tinkering on; are they complete?"

"Such as it is, yes," he answered, somewhat sheepishly. "You see, mine isn't exactly a useful contrivance; it was made merely as a fitting climax to whatever plan you have up your sleeve, and——"

A savage yell from beyond the tunnel cut him short.

"The Zans!" I exclaimed, grasping the Princess by the arm. "They have broken thru; they'll be upon us. Run for the kitchen!"

"One moment, first," answered Ransom. He turned and ran rapidly toward his workshop; we saw him light a match and carry it into one of the darkened corridors; and now we knew what he had been working upon. With the store of fireworks at hand, he had rigged up a set piece formed of spin-wheels, candles and every variety of sizzler known to pyrotechnics! And now, as the Zans were about to burst into the chamber, they were to be greeted in great flaming letters, which sizzled and gleamed and sparkled, and withal spelled out: "Good night."

Truly, a brilliant greeting; but one fraught with a certain placid and serene irony, in which we three departing ones rejoiced greatly.

We rushed to the kitchen, the fierce yells now drawing almost upon us.

There had been nothing with which to construct a basket for our little balloon; so I had made a ladder of grapevines, which extended down at sufficient length to hold the three of us. I had reserved, too, a huge Roman candle to take with us, to mark our course of passage so that we might be seen from the ship.

Then, just as the first of the maddened, ferocious savages reached the kitchen, we cut the straining cables and shot forth into the air!

Below us gleamed a chain of many fires, with startled, darting figures running about, and frightened, dusky faces following our flight. We did not seem to be rising above them; instead, they appeared to be sinking away from us. And now the land breeze struck us, and began carrying us swiftly out to sea.

So far, the balloon had fulfilled its purpose famously; but our combined weight was too much for its limited gas capacity, and we were beginning to settle rapidly. I waved my candle frantically; to our right, and at no great distance, we received an answering signal from a motor boat, sent out to bring us back to the ship, thence to home, friends, loved ones—safety!

Thus we sailed away from Zanora—sailed away without the ruby eye of the great idol, but with a jewel far more greatly prized. For we took with us, upon that balmy, starlit night a little, happy June bride-to-be—the Princess of Mandalore.

The End.

* * *

BROKEN HEARTS.

She hung on his arm as they strolled slowly down the street. A hurdy-gurdy was playing desperately in the avenue, but they did not hear it. A touring car missed them at a crossing by an inch, and they never knew it. Other persons using the sidewalk got out of their way instinctively because they were not seen, and had they not taken precautions they would have been walked over by the oblivious couple.

"It breaks me all up," the young man repeated, mournfully. "To think of your going away for the whole livelong summer and I can't go, too! Why, you'll have forgotten that I'm on earth by the time you come back!"

"George!" the young woman cried in accents which mingled reproach and woe. "How can you! If you knew how unhappy it makes me to have you doubt me!"

"It isn't that," said the young man. "I don't doubt you! I know you are as true as I am myself! But you can't help circumstances, and it is only natural that with a lot of those Willie boys hanging around you whose fathers have enough money to choke 'em you should forget me! I can't be at your call all day with touring cars and motor boats to amuse you, and they can! I don't blame you, Constantia, not at all! I——"

"I shall cry, right out here on the street, if you talk that way!" declared the young woman, in anguished tones.

"I don't see what has got into you, George!" she went on. "As tho anybody could ever take your place, no matter if he had a dozen boats and touring cars! It just shows that you don't trust me! I shall be as lonesome as you, and I shall think of you all the time!"

"Will you, really?" he asked. "But I'm not selfish enough to want to spoil your good times——"

"Good times!" she repeated, bitterly. "As tho I could have any good times without you! It's going to be perfectly horrid! I don't see why, because my family have a summer home and want to go to it, I should be dragged along when I'd be so much happier here in town where I could see you! There will be nothing for me to do, and you'll have everything here.

"Think of all the other girls you'll see—talk about my forgetting you! Why, George, you'll be so busy running around with half a dozen others that you won't remember my name or the color of my eyes! I guess I know men and you're like all the rest. I used to think you were different, but somehow I see things more clearly tonight and I know——"

"Constantia," interrupted the young man, firmly, "you don't know what you are saying. Since I've known you I can't tell whether there is another girl on earth or not! I simply don't see them! You haven't any idea of the depth of my affection for you when you think things like those you have just been saying! Tell me that you don't mean them!"

"I'd be perfectly miserable if I honestly believed them," she admitted. "I guess I just said them so I could hear you deny them. You're sure you won't forget me, George?"

"Forget you?" he repeated, tremulously. "You are part of my every thought! I shall think of you every evening when I wander about all alone——"

"It sounds so sad," she broke in. "I'll be just like that, too. I'll sit and look at the lake and imagine that you are with me, and then it won't seem so bad when I watch the other girls and men having good times at the dances and parties. I must go now, dear. Good night!"

"Good night, dearest," said the young man. "I shall count the hours that you'll still be in town."

As the young woman entered her own house the telephone bell rang and she answered.

"Oh, is that you, Jessie?" she cried. "Yes, we're going to the lake next week. I'm so glad you're going, too! Your cousin will be with you part of the summer? West Point, you say? I am crazy to meet him! I simply love dark eyes! Oh, maybe he won't like me at all—you're such a flatterer. Indeed, I will try to give him a good time—can't you bring him around to call before we leave town? Bring him to dinner. I can hardly wait till he comes!"

A few blocks away the young man paused to light a cigar and then he happened to glance at a girl going by. He dropped the match and it burned his shoes as he stared after her.

"There's the little peach that's visiting the Uphams!" he told himself. "She's a corker! Guess I'll float around and get introduced—I can't miss any chance like that this summer!"

* * *

Reasonable Assumption.

"What do you think of a scoundrel who would drive nails thru a board and lay it in the road to puncture automobile tires?"

"If any one should play a trick like that on me," said the man who reads the President's diplomatic notes, "I would consider his act deliberately unfriendly."

Tea and Coffee For Children?

These beverages contain drug elements that hinder development of both body and mind, especially in children.

Nowadays, for their children, wise parents choose

POSTUM

This delicious table beverage, made of cereals, has a wonderfully satisfying flavor—a flavor much like the higher grades of coffee (but without any of coffee's harm). **Postum** is a true, pure food-drink that has helped thousands to forget the coffee habit.

"There's a Reason"

Grocers everywhere sell **POSTUM**

Stealing the Show
Or, A Circus Tragedy
By John Miller Gregory

[Copyright 1916 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 31, July 29. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VI.
THE TRIAL.

THE little town where the farmers took Billy was unknown to him, but exactly alike dozens of others scattered thru the State. From its square, hot-looking, dusty white roads led into the country in four or five different directions. There were a dry-goods emporium and a corner drug store. A store or two, which formerly had been saloons before the county went dry, were now run quietly for the same purpose under the name of soft-drink stands. Long racks, at which several horses were hitched, occupied two sides of the square.

The man who marched Billy down to the mayor's office proved to be the town marshal. He enlivened the walk with stories of several barn burnings in the neighborhood lately, each of which he attributed to tramps.

"But I didn't set the place afire on purpose," protested Billy. "Those two tramps had me a prisoner. I'm a showman, not a tramp."

The old man turned and winked solemnly at the two tramps, who followed close behind. "That may be, too," he said, "but I can't see much choice at that. Showmen're a pretty tough lot."

"Well, I don't look like a tough, do I?"

The marshal looked at Billy's torn, dirty and burned clothes, and enjoyed a little chuckle.

"Don't, hey? Well, I can't say as how you look a millionaire, nor nuthin' like that."

He burst into a roar of laughter at his joke, and Billy joined him, his sense of humor taking the place momentarily of his anger at his predicament.

That morning at 10 o'clock the two tramps and Billy were arraigned before the mayor for a preliminary hearing. The town official was an old man with a long beard and long bony hands and fingers. A pair of steel-rimmed spectacles hung precariously from his crooked nose. Billy instinctively felt he could look for but little justice in that court.

The day was hot, and the trials of the two tramps went off hurriedly, both of them being bound over to the grand jury on a charge of arson, and ordered committed to the county jail at the nearby county seat. Billy knew the same fate awaited him, but he resolved to make an effort to save himself.

"Your honor," he began to explain, when his case was called, "I think I can make you understand my position thoroly, if you will allow me a few minutes."

"I understand it right now," snapped the mayor. "Yew was there with the rest of 'em, wasn't yew?"

"Of course I was there," flamed Billy, as his anger at the old man's high-handed method surged in him. "I was taken there by force by those two men, who struck me down in my office."

The old mayor leaned over his desk and pointed a bony finger at Dane.

"Looky here, young man. I warn ye right now not to try to make light of this here court. If ye do, it'll go hard with you, d'ye understand?"

"I'm not trying to make light of this court," Billy answered, trying to command his feelings. "I'm telling you the truth. I'm the manager of a circus. These men came to my office and sandbagged me. When I regained consciousness, I found myself with them in a cabin. In trying to escape, I burned off the ropes around my arms, and the cabin caught fire from the blaze I started. That's all there is to it."

"You confess you started the fire?"

"I lit the match from which the table caught. I'm willing to pay——"

"That's enough. I don't doubt but that ye air the leader of the gang what's been burnin' barns around here for months past. I order you committed to the county jail to await the action of the grand jury, and as the grand jury don't meet till September, I reckon ye'll have plenty of chance to meditate on the evil of your ways."

Billy shrugged his shoulders. What was the use of protesting, he thought. He was sick and disgusted, and the powerless position he found himself in made him rave inwardly. He went back to the little room behind the mayor's office, which was dignified by the name of "jail," and there sat down to await the coming of the town marshal who would take him to the county seat.

After a while he determined again to try to get out. It occurred that a telegram to White might prove of assistance. On a piece of wrapping paper, which he found in the room, he wrote a message to White, telling of his plight and asking immediate assistance. The marshal willingly allowed Billy to send the message, especially when Dane proffered a half-dollar, which was the last remaining cent he had.

When the man left the room, Billy sat down to await an answer. The hot afternoon crept onward, and the marshal came to tell the men they would be leaving in half an hour.

"What time is it now?" asked Billy.

"Four o'clock."

"No answer yet to that message?"

The old man fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a yellow piece of paper.

"There warn't no answer, exactly, but the operator give me this. Said it was a service message."

Billy grasped the paper and eagerly tore it open. "No such person in Horton," it read. "Shows did not arrive."

He was stunned. He read the message over and over again, but no answer came to the problem it held before him. The shows had not arrived in Horton. That was clear. But where were they? Where was White? What were Moran and Marshall doing? Did White have any idea where he was?

He flung himself on a bench by the window to think it over. Evidently Moran and his gang had possession of the show. He wondered what their next move would be. Moran must have pulled the wool over White's eyes some way.

One thing was clear to him. He had to get away quickly and find the show, or, in all probability, it would be lost to Morgan for all time. When that was done he could plan his future actions.

The marshal broke into his thoughts by opening the door and commanding the three men to come outside, where a four-seated buggy, drawn by two rangy horses, stood waiting. As an extra precaution against their escape, as each came thru the doorway, the marshal locked a pair of handcuffs to his wrists, and ended by chaining all three of them together to the seat. Then taking up the reins, he drove out of town toward the county seat.

CHAPTER VII.
A FRIEND.

AS BILLY rode thru the streets of Hanover, he hung his head in shame. He had played the town the season before, and recognized many of the faces he saw staring at him. But the thought that he had done nothing to cause him to be manacled and haled to jail as a criminal gave him some comfort. With the thought came a new determination. He began to plan to escape at the first opportunity. He felt instinctively that he would stand no better chance in the county court than he had in the mayor's. He looked around to size up the lay of the ground, before the jail doors closed out the sight of it.

He saw that a spur track leading to a cotton warehouse branched off from the main track at just about the beginning of the town's limits. The main line divided the town in half. To the right, about a block from the warehouse, stood the county jail, a well-built, apparently solid little brick structure with barred windows.

"There she be, boys," said the marshal, jovially, as he cracked his whip over the backs of his horses.

One of the tramps grunted sullenly, but Billy smiled as he saw the nearness of the windows to the ground, and the proximity of the building to the railroad tracks.

"Does the sheriff sleep there?" he asked.

"Yep. His house is just to the left of the jail. You'll see it in a minute. He's deef as a post, and the county commissioners say they can't fire him 'cause he can't hear 'em when they do it. So I reckon he'll be sheriff for the rest of his days."

"Which way's Horton?" asked Billy, as they drew up to the jail door.

"Over that way," replied the marshal, pointing, "'bout twenty miles south."

"Thought I might go over there when I get out of this," said Billy, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"It mought be a good idea," said the marshal, "but I wouldn't count on it fer some time, if I was you. The judge up here married the sister of the mayor of my town."

A fat little man, with a red nose and a gray sombrero on his round red head, waddled out of the jail office toward the newcomers.

"Who've ye got here, Bill?" He grinned at the prisoners as if to welcome them. "More boarders?"

"Barn burners," said the marshal. "Reckon you'll have 'em with ye for some time."

Ten minutes later Billy found himself confined in a small cell, whose window, he found out at once, opened on the side of the jail nearest the railroad track. Between the jail and a high hedge at the rear of the lot was a pretty little garden, filled with flowers blooming brightly.

It was growing rapidly darker, and Billy began to prospect. He found the bars on his window firmly fixed in the brick and concrete, and gave up all hope at once of escaping by that means. When he examined the door, he found it made of solid oak, heavily barred and locked outside.

As he sat on the little cot in his cell, thinking deeply, the sheriff brought in his supper. As he put down the dishes, he looked at Billy quizzically.

"Ain't I seen you somewhere before?" he asked.

"Wouldn't be surprised," Billy replied. "Last season the circus I'm supposed to be with played this town. You were sheriff then, I believe?" he hazarded.

"That's it," replied the fat little man, slapping his knee as he seated himself on the cot. "I place you now. You was the young feller who said he did the newspaper writing for the show, wasn't you?"

"That's right," agreed Billy, beginning to scent a possible friend. "Took you to the show, didn't I?"

"Took me and my whole family. Yes, sir. And ye had a darned good show, too. How come you to get into this trouble?"

"Stay where you are, Mr. Sheriff, and I'll tell you all about it while I'm eating," he said cordially, as he began to eat the food which the sheriff had placed on the table. The fat sheriff seemed pleased at the invitation.

"Eat hearty now, son," he said. "I like my boarders to have a good time around here."

While Billy ate, he told the story of the attack on him by the two tramps, his kidnaping and subsequent arrest. The good-natured sheriff nodded his head frequently as the story progressed, and seemed impressed. When Billy finished, the sheriff offered him a broken, dried-out cigar.

"Wish I could do something for you, son," he said, at length, "but I can't see what it'll be."

"Say," said Billy, eagerly, "suppose you let me go over to Horton for a day or so. I'll give you my word of honor that I'll return in a day or so and prove my whole story."

The sheriff looked at him narrowly. "Son, I believe if I did that you'd come back. You know, I've taken kind of a likin' to you."

"Well, what do you say to it?" Billy demanded, hope rising in his breast.

Before the sheriff could reply there came a succession of hammering blows from above. The little sheriff jumped to his feet and started for the door, with Billy close behind him. As they rushed into the little hallway, they were met by the two tramps, who had succeeded in breaking down the door to their cell upstairs and evidently were making a dash for freedom.

The four men rushed together in a battling clash, Billy and the sheriff fighting side by side, and the tramps, with big clubs in their hands, trying to force their way past them.

In the heart of every circus man there smolders the love of battle. It is engendered by life in the open; by the spirit of opposition the showman meets in every town; by warm blood which runs in healthy veins.

The battle gleam fired Billy's eyes. He welcomed a chance to get back at the men who had caused him so much trouble, and here he found the opportunity made to order. The sheriff took command of the situation. In a few snappy words he bade Billy guard the door to the outer office.

"Watch that," he gasped, as his fat little legs worked nimbly in an effort to get in close to the smaller of the two tramps. "I'll get this fellow."

Billy had clashed with both men that morning in the cabin, and he knew that neither was a light adversary. Watching every move the big man made, he shouted to the sheriff to look out for tricks. Around and around the narrow hallway the four men circled, battling chest to chest with their fists, or stealthily working for an opening at an advantageous hold.

All the time in Billy's mind there was

SEE WHAT CUTICURA

DOES FOR MY HAIR AND SKIN

The Soap for toilet purposes keeps my skin fresh and clear and scalp free from dandruff. The Ointment soothes and heals any skin trouble.

Sample Each Free by Mail

With 32-p. book on the skin. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept.178 Boston." Sold everywhere.

$2.50 a Month

The masterpiece of watch manufacture—adjusted to the second, positions, temperature and isochronism. Encased at factory into your choice of the exquisite new watch cases.

19 Jewel Burlington

All sizes for both men and women

The great Burlington Watch sent on simple request. Pay at rate of $2.50 a month. You get the watch at the same price even the wholesale jeweler must pay.

Write Today for Free Watch Book

See handsome color illustrations of all the newest designs in watches that you have to choose from. Your name and address on a postcard is enough. Get this offer while it lasts. Write today.

Burlington Watch Co. Dept. 801C 19th & Marshall Blvd. Chicago

FREE!

YES. This $15 Complete Working Outfit absolutely free. It does not cost a penny. Write today for my great offer.

Draw $150 to $300 a Month

Companies are calling for men to fill positions paying from $150.00 to $300.00 a month. I will give you just the training you need to hold one of the big jobs—right in your own home. I am Chief Draftsman of a large and well known company.

Write Today For my free book on drafting and my liberal "Personal Instruction" offer to a few students. A post card or letter will do. No obligations.

Chief Draftsman Dobe Engineers Equipment Co. Div. B-801 Chicago, Ill.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491. Blairsville, Pa.

Pay as You Wish

Wear a genuine Lachnite for 10 full days. Put it to every diamond test. If you can tell it from a diamond send it back at our expense. If you decide to buy pay only a few cents a month. Write for catalog.

Set In Solid Gold

Lachnite Gems keep their dazzling fire forever. Cut by diamond cutters. Stand diamond tests—fire—acid and cut glass. Write today for new jewelry book—free.

HAROLD LACHMAN CO.
Dept. 9901, 12 N. Michigan Av., Chicago

PIGEONS PAY

Better Than Chickens

Young pigeons (squabs) bring 40 to 60c each when 3 to 4 weeks old. Big demand in city markets. Each pair of pigeons easily clear $4 per year. Always penned up. Very little space and money needed to start. Free Book explains all. Majestic Squab Co., Dept. 67 Adel, Iowa.

FREE BOOK

RHEUMATISM RECIPE

I will gladly send Free to any sufferer a simple Herb Recipe that has cured the worst cases of Rheumatism. Enclose two-cent stamp. W. S. SUTTON, 2650 Magnolia Avenue, Los Angeles, California

ASTHMA Prompt Relief. Remedy Guaranteed. Trial mailed free. Dr. Kinsman, Box 166, Augusta, Me.

forming a scheme to gain his freedom. He knew the little sheriff would help him now if he could. He also knew that in the little Southern towns the sheriffs frequently paroled prisoners on their own accord. With a shout of encouragement, he waded anew into the big tramp.

In a voice that rose above the sounds of the conflict, he shouted to the sheriff to come to his side. The sheriff nodded, and in a few minutes they stood, back-to-back, before the big oak door which led to the office.

But the tramps had obtained a moment's breathing spell, and together they sprang toward the jail's defenders. They were met by blows which rained on their faces and sent them spinning back. Billy laughed as he saw the little sheriff land a straight-arm blow on his antagonist's chin and the man go down sprawling. But the tramp was up again instantly and returned to the attack. Each time they were cast back the tramps seemed to gain new strength and came back smashing, slugging, swearing.

Half blinded by the blood which streamed down their faces, Billy and the sheriff fought on madly, getting weaker and weaker, while the tramps, apparently, were maintaining their strength and determination to force an exit.

After a desperate rush, in which the defenders were almost beaten down, the two men drew off in a corner for a conference. Billy grasped the opportunity to explain a plan to the sheriff. He took it for granted the men would rush together, heads down, in the bull-like manner of the rough-and-tumble fighter. The sheriff caught on quickly, and the next moment the men rushed forward.

In a flash Billy and the sheriff had stepped aside, ducked, and thrown their whole weight on the flying men. They crashed headlong into the heavy door. Dazed by the impact, they sank back, and the next moment the little sheriff was thru the door, to spring back a moment later with two pistols in his hands.

Before the tramps had fully recovered, they had been manacled and placed in secure cells. Back in the cell with Billy, the sheriff held out a trembling fat hand.

"Son," he said, with admiration shining in his eyes, "you're some scrapper. What'll I do to thank you?"

"I didn't do it for reward," said Billy, "but I've explained my position. I've got to get out of here quickly. If you want to thank me, come to Horton with me. I'll give you my word I'll return."

"Git your hat," said the little sheriff. He was off on a run as the train whistle sounded. Billy was waiting ready, when the sheriff returned with the blood stains washed from his face.

"We've got three minutes to catch that train," the sheriff panted, as he waddled off toward the railroad tracks.

As the train pulled out of Hanover, they settled back in their seats, and Billy heaved a great sigh of relief.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORAN IN COMMAND.

WHEN the little mayor of Horton had finished his inspection of the cars under the care of old Dad Carboy, the trainmaster, he went back to the lot, where he asked for the manager of the show. Moran had stayed in the bushes beside the railroad track and seen the limp form of Billy Dane carried out by his hired thugs. By this time, however, he had reached the lot, and was prepared to cast his winning card. He was confident now that, with both Morgan and Billy away from the show, he would be able to pull off his deal for McCoy. In fact, things seemed to be coming out so well that he was of half a mind to forget the existence of McCoy altogether, and steal the show for himself.

The little mayor found Moran standing in front of the sideshow, watching the people of the town crushing up to the ticket boxes. The mayor was a thin, anemic-looking little fellow, with a thin fringe of white whiskers under his chin, and a pair of blue, watery eyes in which lay a deep and confirmed suspicion of everybody and everything to which he had not been used for years.

"I want the manager of this show," he said to Moran. Moran looked down at the little man with a slowly widening grin and an air of surprised pleasure.

"I'll bet forty dollars this is the mayor of Horton," he said, holding out his hand and grasping the thin, clammy fingers of the little man in a grip that made the mayor wince.

The mayor looked at Moran suspiciously. "Wal," he said, "you seem to have the advantage of me. But it don't make no difference."

"What can I do for you, Mr. Mayor?" asked Moran, genially. "The manager isn't around right now, but if you'll step right in here I'll send for him."

Without waiting for the mayor to assent, Moran called Tim Marshall from one of the ticket boxes and took him aside.

"Get down there, where those bums took Dane in a hurry," he said, "and let me know at once if everything is all right. We've got to work quick now."

Marshall was off in a run, as Moran returned to the sideshow front. He found the mayor still there, and taking him by the arm he led the little man into the tent, where he proceeded to engage his attention with the freaks of nature on exhibition there.

In half an hour Marshall returned. "I saw one of the men," he panted, "and it's all right. They've got Dane over there in a wagon, and they drove away just as I left. There's no chance of his escape. He's still unconscious. They'll take him down the track to a little siding where the freight picks up a car, and by morning he'll be so far away from here he'll never find his way back."

Marshall returned to the ticket box outside, and Moran went back to the mayor, who was delightedly watching a fortune teller read the palm of a lanky countryman, who guyed the woman unmercifully and rurally, but spent his money liberally.

"I guess you'll have to do business with me," said Moran, as he reached the mayor's side. "We can't find the manager anywhere."

"Who might you be?" asked the mayor, suspiciously.

"I'm the assistant manager," lied Moran, glibly. "It's all right. When the manager ain't here, I attend to all the business."

"Well, you won't want to hear what I've got to say," began the little mayor, belligerently. "I got a letter yesterday from somebody with this show saying there was smallpox on it. He advised me against letting the show come to Horton, so I took the train and come over here myself to find out."

This was no news to Moran, who had himself written and sent the letter as a part of his plans, but he appeared deeply grieved at the report. "That's absurd," he said. "Of course you are satisfied now that there's nothing of the kind over here?"

"I ain't so sure about that," the mayor replied. "I found three sick men on the cars, and it's my opinion that they've all got the smallpox. You can't fool me. I know these here show people, and I don't trust 'em."

Moran was a shrewd character reader, and he knew exactly how to handle the self-assured little mayor. "You are sure it's the smallpox?" he asked with well-feigned astonishment.

"Yes, sir," replied the mayor, growing more sure of himself every moment, as Moran appeared to weaken. "What's more, you can't bring this here show into my town. It's cost the town of Horton $3.64 for me to come over here and find this out, and that money ain't a-goin' to be thrown away."

"What'll we do?" asked Moran. "Your town's all billed, and we can't get another tonight."

"I don't care what you do. But you ain't a-goin' to bring this smallpoxed show into Horton unless you want me to quarantine the whole show and keep it in quarantine until everybody on it is well ag'in."

"That would cost too much money," said Moran. "I'd rather lay off and lose the town."

"Well, that's for you to decide," said the mayor. "I've done my duty as mayor of the town of Horton, and that's all I'm going to do about it."

"That's pretty hard on us," said Moran. "Still, you've got the right to cancel us if you want to. There's no hard feelings, of course. If you want to stay and see the big show, I'll get you a ticket."

"You can't bribe me, young man!" snorted the suspicious little mayor. "I'll see the show, but I'll pay my own way. I reckon I'm entitled to put the price of a ticket on my expense account." He turned on his heel and marched virtuously up to the box office, where he bought his ticket, carefully noted the price on the back of an envelope on which he had his expenses, and, with another snort in the direction of Moran, marched into the big tent.

With the help of Tim Marshall the news was soon spread around the show that Horton had been canceled by the mayor because of the report of smallpox on the show. After the performance Moran called the people together in the dressing tent, and explained to them that Billy had gone to Horton to see if he could arrange matters satisfactorily, and had left him in charge of the show until his return.

Some of the performers suspiciously questioned the big fellow, but his replies seemed to satisfy them. It was understood that the show would probably play some nearby town without billing, if Horton could not be secured by Dane, and then proceed on its regular routing.

Having satisfied the people on the show that everything was all right, Moran telegraphed ahead to all the advance men, giving them the new route he had decided upon and ordering them to get into Alabama and secure the towns as soon as possible. He told them to bill the shows under another name than The Five United Shows, and that fresh consignments of paper would be reaching them constantly along the new route.

"I guess that will fix everything all right," said Moran to Marshall, as they sent away their last telegram. "We'll have to play about five more stands in Georgia before we can jump into Alabama. Then I've laid out three stands in Alabama, which will take us across the State into Mississippi. When we get there, we'll be safe enough, and we'll wire McCoy to join us and put on the games. After that, under the new name, I guess it'll be easy sailing for us."

CHAPTER IX.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

WHEN Billy Dane and the excited, perspiring, fat little sheriff of Hanover jumped from the train at Horton, Billy breathed a sign of relief. There were the unmistakable signs of a circus. Hundreds of country rigs, their occupants dressed in gaudy colors, were arriving every moment by the different roads that led into the town. Wagonloads of people, sitting in straight-backed chairs placed in the wagons, were jostling and jolting by, unmindful of the discomfort of their vehicles in anticipation of the excitement of the show.

Little negroes were running about excitedly, shouting, singing, and whistling, while their parents and older relations, dressed in combinations of colors that defied all laws of sanity, surged up and down the wide streets, eating halves of watermelons, munching fish sandwiches which they bought frequently at little improvised stands around the square, and good-naturedly jollying each other in loud-pitched, laughing voices.

Around the square were tied hundreds of horses hitched to buggies of every conceivable description. The streets were lined with expectant people, craning their necks up the dusty road down which the circus parades usually passed, and wondering what was causing the delay.

Billy, with the little sheriff panting behind him, found the mayor's office over the corner drug store. The suspicious, nervous little mayor, who had accosted him at the circus train but a few hours before, was seated at his desk working on a proclamation which he intended having read from the courthouse steps announcing that the show would not appear in Horton because of the smallpox. Every now and then he arose from his desk and went to the window and looked anxiously out on the ever-increasing crowd.

Billy and the sheriff burst into the room, almost scaring the little official out of his badly fitting coat of black faded broadcloth.

"Howdy, Mr. Mayor," greeted Billy, holding out his hand. "I guess you remember me, don't you?"

The mayor turned his pale blue eyes suspiciously on his visitor and shook his head. "No, sir," he replied coldly. "I can't say that I do.'

"I'm Dane, manager of The Five United Shows. You were at my car the other night. Don't you remember?"

"I was at the circus train, but I can't recall having met you," was the surprising reply.

For a moment Billy was nonplused. "Well, it doesn't matter," he replied finally. "I suppose the shows are in by this time. You know Sheriff Williams, here, of course. I wanted you to help me out of some trouble I'm in. I was arrested unjustly, and the sheriff consented to come over here with me so that I could prove the story I told him."

The sheriff nodded his head in confirmation, while the mayor looked at him over his little spectacles.

"Well, it ain't a-goin' to do you much good, now that you're here," said the mayor. "The show ain't here, an' it ain't a-comin' here."

"Ain't here?" gasped Billy. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say, young man.. I found out there was smallpox on the show, and I wouldn't let 'em bring it into this town. No sirree!"

"Why, there's nothing of the kind," said Billy angrily. "There's no smallpox on that show. It's a put-up job to steal the show, that's all. You're playing right into those thieves' hands."

He saw Moran's plan in an instant now, and he launched into an explanation of the whole scheme, but the little mayor cut him off shortly.

"Who ever heard tell of stealin' a circus?" he asked in scorn. "You must take me for a fool, young man. Don't never get it into your head that Mayor Shankland of Horton is sleepin' at the post."

Billy turned in desperation to the sheriff. "I don't know what to make of it," he declared. "I got a service message that the shows weren't here, but I thought surely they simply hadn't arrived."

"I'm sorry, son," said the sheriff, "but it's beginning to look purty bad for your story."

"Haven't you any idea where the show is?" Billy asked, turning again to the mayor.

"Nope. All I know is, it ain't here, and it ain't a-comin' here if I know it."

"This is an outrage," stormed Billy. "There doesn't seem to be a chance for a fellow to get justice anywhere in this State. If I ever get back to that show, I'll make it a point to show you what a boob official you are."

"That kind of talk ain't a-goin' to do you no good, son," advised the sheriff. "You're jest gettin' all het up."

Billy was in despair. He looked from one official to the other hopelessly. In the mayor he saw only stern, narrow-minded, bigoted opposition and hatred. The little sheriff's eyes held liking and sympathy, but Billy thought he saw also in them a growing suspicion. He turned from the mayor and walked disconsolately down the sidewalk, followed in silence by the sheriff.

"I'm sorry, sheriff," Billy said, when they had walked some distance down the street, "but it looks as if I'd brought you on a wild-goose chase. The show isn't here, and, naturally, I can't prove anything. I can only ask you to give me another chance to make good."

"Well," said the sheriff, dubiously, "what have ye got in mind to do now?"

"There isn't but one thing, and that's to find out where the show is and go to it."

"How are you goin' to find that out?"

Billy sat down on a box in front of a dry goods store and lost himself in thought. Suddenly, over the noise of the crowd, a whistling locomotive blasted the air. Billy jumped up.

"I have it. We can go down to the station and ask the operator where the show is playing. He can telegraph ahead on his line and find out."

"Have you got the money for the message?" asked the sheriff.

"No," Billy admitted. For a moment he thought that he would have to give up this idea. Then he decided to [illegible] himself on the mercy of his friend. [illegible] rose and put his hand on the sheriff's shoulder.

"Sheriff," he asked, "do I look to you like a crook and a barn burner?"

"No, sonny," replied the sheriff, without hesitation, "I can't say as you do. But of course I have to be careful."

"I know you do, sheriff. Just the same I'm going to bank on your being just, too. I want you to lend me the money to send the messages. I'll pay it back as soon as I can get out of this mess."

The sheriff hesitated for an instant. He had paid Billy's way over to Horton, and every moment, he thought, Billy's case looked poorer. However, he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out some loose change and a crumpled bill or two.

"Sonny," he said, with a funny little wag of his fat head, "I'm goin' to take a chance on your bein' straight. Come on and we'll send them telegrams."

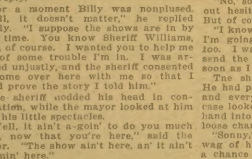
They went down to the railroad station, where Billy wrote out a message to the operators along the line and handed it to the man behind the window. The man shook his head as he read it.

"Sorry, old man," he announced. "I can't send a thing any further than Denton. That's thirty miles up the road. Beyond that the wires are down and they're relaying every message. If I took this there's no telling when you'd get a reply."

"It's terribly important," said Billy. "Isn't there any chance at all?"

"If there was, I'd take it," said the

(Continued on Page 14.)



BOYS! BOYS! BOYS! and GIRLS, TOO!
Get One of These Real, Gasoline
Auto Racers FREE!

The only real automobile made just for boys and girls! Be the first in your neighborhood to get one of these dandy Racers. Carries two passengers. Easy and simple to operate. Make money running errands. Will go anywhere big cars can. Plenty of power and speed, yet safer than a bicycle.

Not A Toy
Or Pushmobile—But
A Real, Genuine Motor Car!

Driven by 5 h.p. Engine—60 miles on one gallon of gas—3 speeds forward, one reverse—any speed up to 30 miles per hour—clutch, brakes, etc. operate just like big cars.

Write Today! Just send your name on a postal card and I will tell you how to get one of these genuine motor cars free of cost. It won't obligate you in any way. Don't let someone else get ahead of you. Write today.

Address UNCLE DICK, 814 Jackson Street, Topeka, Kansas

KEENEYES' SOLUTION

Or, The South Grove Mystery

By J. Breckenridge Ellis

[Copyright 1916 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 28, July 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN RESPONSE to the detective's inquiry, Doctor Free said forcefully, "Unbind me.

The detective hesitated. "But is the one who bound you still hovering about?"

"How should I know?" the physician whispered rather fiercely. "What I do know is that I wish to be free of this rope."

"Naturally, naturally," said the other, soothingly, "but you see, if the enemy is hereabouts, it might be to our interests not to let him know that your plight has been discovered."

"It may be to your interests; it couldn't be to mine," retorted the other, quite savagely. "I tell you what it is, Mr. Zellers, if you don't free me, I shall begin shouting at the top of my voice, and in that case if the villain is around, he'll certainly know I've been found, for I'll tell him so."

"You are most inconsiderate!" cried Keeneyes, reproachfully.

Nevertheless, he dared not hesitate longer, for he knew the doctor was in a mood to carry out his threat. Accordingly he tried the knots of the rope, and finding them too obdurate, drew his knife and soon set the prisoner at liberty.

When he had done so, he said, "I hope at any rate, you will agree to speak to me in whispers, and to keep as quiet as possible."

"Of course I shall," said the physician, resentfully. "You talk as if you imagine I do not want to assist you in this case."

"I only know that, in your situation, I should not have permitted any one to cut me free," returned the other, reproachfully, "for I should have known that whoever had trussed me up would certainly come back to have a second look at me, and that would give me or my friend a chance to nab him."

"As it happens," retorted Doctor Free, "I am much more interested in being at liberty than in nabbing anybody."

Keeneyes said no more on that point. He remembered that the physician had a violent temper, and he did not care to rouse it at this time. He beckoned to the other to follow him as noiselessly as possible, and they did not stop till they had reached the spot where the horse was tied to a tree.

"And where is my horse?" demanded the doctor, who was still dreadfully ruffled from his recent humiliating experience.

"My dear doctor," returned the detective, impatiently, "consider this horse your own. If you wish it, I shall walk; but, as for the other horse, it has been disposed of in a manner I do not care just now to explain. I beg of you to tell me as quickly and in as low a voice as you can command, everything that you saw after the moment I left you."

Doctor Free swallowed his ill-humor and complied. He spoke in guarded tones:

"After I could no longer hear the beat of the horses' hoofs—your horse and mine—for you led mine away and, as you say, have 'disposed of it,' tho to save my life I could not imagine in what manner, or for what purpose—after that, I say, I rested very quietly in the thicket, watching the shack and the clearing for any sign of life."

"And at last what did you see?"

"Stars," replied Doctor Free. "That is all I have witnessed; absolutely all."

"Am I to understand from that, while you were watching the clearing, somebody slipped up behind you and struck you on the head?"

"I thought—so far as it is proper to say that I thought at all—that a horse or bull had kicked me, or a meteor had fallen upon my head. But when I ceased seeing stars, and found myself tied hand and foot, I argued that the terrible blow must have come from a mere human being."

"A natural inference, certainly. Have you any idea as to the sex, color, dress, or form of this human being?"

"I have nothing relative to that but, as you say, natural inferences. From the power of the fist, I should judge it to be no child or woman. While a sledge-hammer might be mightily wielded by a woman, I am convinced that my blow came, as I said, from a human fist."

"This is all you know?"

"It is all. I heard no sound of retreating footsteps, so cannot guess what direction the brute took after leaving me tied up. Nor do I know from which direction he came, since I heard nothing of his coming."

"Before you were struck, had you observed no movement in or about the cattle-shed?"

"Nothing of the sort. The breeze had ceased to blow."

"Yet this powerful man could slip upon you without breaking a twig or rustling a leaf?"

"He must have done so—I was not aware of it."

"And you have nothing more to tell me?"

The physician hesitated just a moment. Then he said:

"There are still two statements to make."

"Good! You have been exceedingly meager of statements thus far."

"Yes, but that is not my fault. My statements must be within the bounds of my knowledge. The first statement is a mere surmise. The afternoon was warm, the air agreeable. It is possible that I dozed, and was asleep when the villain crept upon me."

"Yes, I had already concluded as much. And the second statement?"

"It is that I believe the person who struck and bound me was Tuck."

"Yet you neither heard nor saw him?"

"I neither heard nor saw him. And I will not attempt to argue my impression. I state it merely as an impression. I think it was Tuck. Maybe it was not. I do not claim my suspicion is worth a pin. But I suspect Tuck."

"Thank you. And now that we need not talk any more, let us return to the clearing that surrounds the cattle-shed. But first tell me quite frankly which you prefer of the following evils: One of us must still watch that cattle-shed. The other must go on to try to find the dugout spoken of in Tad's letter. Would you rather go on, or watch as you did before—as you did before except for going to sleep?"

"I've had enough of the cattle-shed," Doctor Free declared with emphasis. "You may lie there, and I'll explore the way to the dugout."

"Very good; it is immaterial to me. One more inquiry, my dear doctor: Have you any reason to suppose that Tuck dislikes you?"

"The best of reasons. On one occasion the rascal stole into my house, thinking I was from home, and almost frightened my wife to death. I think his only motive was robbery, for my wife had left town with me, and it was only because of a railroad accident that we were driven back to Pamiston the same evening. After we returned home, I went to the office to do up some work that I had thought to postpone, and when I got back—at about eleven—I found the front door standing ajar. I had hardly reached the foot of the stairs when I heard my wife scream out. Dashing upstairs, I ran into Tuck in the darkness, and the contact was so violent that both of us went rolling down to the hall below. As my wife continued to cry for help, now turning on the electric lights from the switch above, I was more than ever convinced that the man, whose face I could now recognize, had attempted to injure her. I grappled with him, and we struggled out into the yard. He is a powerful fellow, but he could not get my hands from around his throat. He beat at me savagely, but I should certainly have strangled him if a passer-by had not interfered. I had him down on the ground, at last, and his resistance was quite gone. Do you know our merchant—Mr. Samson Plim?"

"Quite well, in spite of himself," returned Keeneyes.

"Well, Plim interfered and saved the villain's life. I've always wished I'd killed the brute."

"Had he been uncivil to your wife, after all?"

"What do you call 'uncivil?' He'd come into the house without an invitation, if that's what you mean. He was so impolite as to have some of our spoons in his pocket at the time I was choking him."

"But had he tried to harm your wife?"

"No—no. You see, he was as much surprised at finding her there as she at discovering him. He was fleeing from her when he ran into me. I wish I'd killed him. I've told him so since. It was a great pity Plim interfered."

"I suppose," said Keeneyes, thoughtfully, "that if the fellow can feel gratitude, he must think a good deal of Mr. Samson Plim."

"He can feel gratitude—I'll say that much in his favor. He actually idolizes Plim, and would do anything on earth for him. He would, indeed. He is as infatuated with that merchant as he is crazed with hate for me. He has reason for both feelings. Plim certainly saved his life. And I certainly wish I'd choked him to death—the brute!"

"Well—well—let us to work," said Keeneyes, soothingly. "The sun will be getting low, and we must try to finish up this job by train time."

Without another word, and with all the caution imaginable, they returned to the bushes that skirted the cleared piece of ground. Keeneyes took up a position of watchfulness exactly in the spot where he found the physician bound hand and foot.

Doctor Free, carrying the basket of provisions, set out in a southeasterly direction from the clearing, hoping to find the tree that bore Tad Walsh's initials, and, beyond that, the dugout.

When he was left alone, the detective breathed a deep sigh of relief, for he found Doctor Free with his pugnacious and easily aroused temper a sore trial.

But in a moment he had dismissed the physician from his mind, in focusing all his attention upon the dreary scene before him—the silent woods, the clearing where the sunlight lazily slept on charred tree-trunks and overgrown weeds, and the cattle-shed which concealed he knew not what dark mystery.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THUS far, neither Keeneyes nor Doctor Free had ventured into the clearing; consequently they had not seen any of the interior of the cattle-shed except a small portion revealed by the open door.

Of course the detective expected to explore every nook and cranny of it before he left the forest; but he postponed the examination in the hope that he might see some one come in or go out, and with the fear that should he make his investigations precipitately, he might destroy some possible clew. He waited, therefore, motionless, with eyes and ears alert. There was no danger of his imitating Doctor Free's example and falling asleep.

At the end of about an hour he did hear something, but not from the direction of the shed. Presently he came to the definite conclusion that somebody was slipping toward him thru the undergrowth. Was somebody—possibly Tuck—stealing forward to pounce upon him as Doctor Free had been pounced upon, or was Doctor Free returning because he had lost his way?

When the cautious noise drew still nearer, the detective, resting on his elbow, and looking fixedly thither, found that neither conjecture was correct. The person drawing near was Mrs. Dubois, dressed in the character of the drummer, Billy Livermore.

Keeneyes stood up to receive her, and Mrs. Dubois without a word extended toward him a yellow envelope bearing his address. He divined that she had prudently left her horse at a distance, and had brought to him the half-expected telegram.

He motioned with his hand for her to wait until he had read the message; he then gave it to her to read, tho he did not doubt that she had already enjoyed that privilege, since the envelope was but lightly sealed. After that, he motioned that no answer would be sent, and that she might return to the station and wait for him there. She left him accordingly, and not one word had been spoken. The telegram was from the sheriff's son. It read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Zellers: I am back home. I lost my man. I can tell you something.
"TAD W."

Of course the detective supplied the punctuation, since there was none on the yellow sheet of paper.

Putting it in his pocket to show Doctor Free when they should meet, he went at once to the shed as if now there was nothing to fear, or at any rate as if his former reason for caution was removed.

Just as he stepped within the shed door he heard the sharp report of a pistol. It sounded from the woods, and he knew it came from no great distance. Standing rigidly in his position on the doorsill, he listened intently. Some time passed thus, but nothing more was to be heard.

What had happened? If Mrs. Dubois

(Continued on Page 12.)

Name the best titles to 24 easy and entertaining pictures and we'll give you $1,000 in cash. You certainly should play our $4,000.00 Cash Home Picture-game.

11 Lessons of Course In Drugless Healing FREE!

Positively and absolutely free to you! Not one cent to pay now or later. To a limited number and for a short time only, we are giving 11 Complete Lessons in Mechano-Therapy absolutely FREE. There is no cost to you at all for these 11 complete lessons. But you must act quick! This remarkable offer is strictly limited. As soon as a certain number of these sets of 11 lessons have been given we shall withdraw the offer. Don't wait a minute. Act now.

These Lessons Teach You

How to Treat Headache
How to Treat Neuralgia
How to Treat Constipation
How to Treat Indigestion
How to Treat a Sprain
How to Treat Dyspepsia
How to Treat Rheumatism
How to Treat Lumbago
How to Treat Catarrh
How to Treat Epilepsy
How to Treat Hay Fever
How to Treat Paralysis
How to Treat Pleurisy
How to Treat Asthma
How to Treat Gout
How to Treat Jaundice

Why We Make This Great Offer

We want the public to know the real truth about drugless healing. We want you to convince yourself by an actual and practical demonstration just what a marvelous curative force may be placed at your command. We want you to see for yourself what tremendous opportunities have been opened to practitioners of Mechano-Therapy. You will see what has been done. You will see what can be done—by you! A Diploma in Mechano-Therapy offers you a profession of dignity, prestige, influence and wealth. No special training or experience needed. If you are ambitious and can read, the way to success is open to you. Take advantage of this lifetime opportunity.

Also Free! $15.00 Set of Eight Anatomical Charts

Each chart 20½x22 inches, lithographed in many colors. Shows 70 diagrammed illustrations of different organs and parts of the anatomy. Regular $15.00 set of charts. Now also free for a limited time only.

New Illustrated Book on Drugless Healing FREE

Thousands of Mechano-Therapists throughout the United States are making a big success. Let us tell you about them. Let us prove how you can easily make $200 to $500 per month and more. Write while this special 11 free lessons offer is open. Send free Coupon or your name and address on postal today, and receive, free, beautiful Colored Anatomical Chart, new Illustrated Book on Drugless Healing which makes everything clear.

American College of Mechano-Therapy,
Dept. 521
81 W. Randolph Street,
Chicago, Ill.

American College of Mechano-Therapy,
Dept. 521 81 W. Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois
Without cost or obligation, send me free your New Illustrated Book on Drugless Healing, Colored Anatomical Chart and your offer of 11 Free Lessons.

Name……………………………………
City…………………………… State…………

Only $1.00 After Trial

Yes, you may keep this new Edison—and your choice of records too, for only a single dollar. Pay the balance at rate of only a few cents a day.

Free Trial Try the new Edison in your own home before you decide to buy. Have all the newest entertainments. Entertain your friends. We will send it to you without a penny down.

Write Today For Our New Edison Book. Send your name and address for our new book and pictures of new Edison phonographs. No obligations.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors
8501 Edison Block, Chicago, Illinois

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. If this is satisfactory pay postmaster $1.25 to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If not satisfactory return at our expense and money refunded. Only 1,000 rings given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED DEPT. W.
MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO

Model 5

$4 Per Month Buys This Visible OLIVER TYPEWRITER

Nothing Down—Free Trial. Less than Agents' Prices. Shipped on approval. If you want to keep it, send us $4 a month. Our booklet is worth sending for because it tells you how to save $48.00. It's FREE.

Typewriters Dist. Syndicate
1510 61T Wabash Avenue, Chicago

RAISE BELGIAN HARES

FOR US. Big profits, stock costs a trifle and we show you how to sell them at $2.00 to $5.00 each. Also Cavies, Mink, Skunk, Fox, Squabs, Pheasants, Frogs, etc. Big instruction book for dime. None free. Get busy. Address THE BELGIAN HARE, Box 12, Holmes Park, Mo

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention without charge. RICHARD B. OWEN, 22 Owen Building, Washington, D. C.

His Efficiency.

"Did your new chauffeur fill the bill?"

"No. But he came near filling the hospital."

Some Dinner.

"Was it much of a dinner?"

"I should say it was. There were seven different kinds of forks at each plate."

Well Fortified.

"A firm chin makes a face look strong."

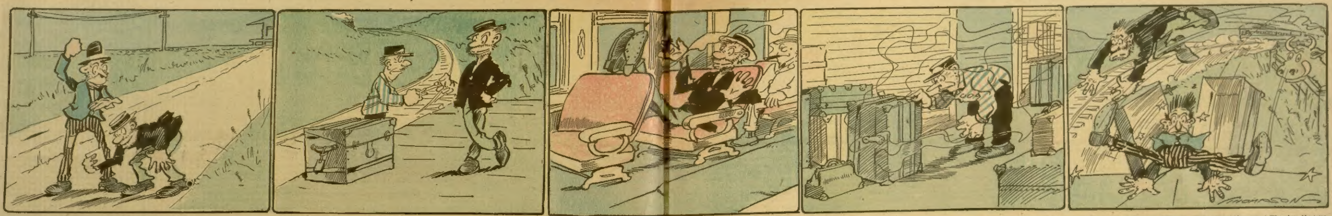
"Flubdub's face is reinforced then; he's got three chins."

Ideal Is Right.

Stella—The ostrich doesn't see much and digests everything."

Bella—"What an ideal husband!"

A RUSE THAT FAILED



Rubberneck Rube—"Gee, here's a ticket to Grubville, fifty miles west! We'll get that old trunk we saw on the city dump, an' you get inside of it an' I'll check it as baggage, then to Grubville we will go!

"Hurry, me good man, the train approaches, an' I desire me baggage checked an' put upon the same train in which I take passage. I pray you, do not delay me, as I am on important business!

"Gee, but dat was easy! All I gotta do is to take me ease, an' smoke de elegant butts de swells leave layin' round in de car, until we get to Grubville. Dis certainly does beat hoofin' it!"

Baggage Smasher (in car ahead)—"Thunder and lightnin'! Something's afire in dis old trunk, and it smells to me like cigarette smoke! Anyway, it's on fire and I'd better throw the trunk out the door."

Rubberneck Rube—"Wow! Get out of the way! They've thrown me out, too! You blithering bonehead, I oughta knowed better than ter let you get inter dat trunk with cigarette makin's on yer!"

His Object.

George Bartol, president of the Philadelphia bourse, was talking about the "via Philadelphia" movement for the upbuilding of the aristocratic old Quaker city.

"The men who won't help this movement on the ground that they are too busy with other things," said Mr. Bartol, "should remember Uncle Ned of West Manayunk.

"A stranger to Manayunk watched Uncle Ned fishing in Rudolph's dam. For nearly an hour he watched the old man, and not once was the line pulled up.

"'Do you think there are any fish in that dam?' the stranger asked.

"'No, sar! Ah knows dey hain't,' said Uncle Ned, with an amiable smile.

"'But you're fishing!'

"'Yas, sah. Oh, yas, sah; Ah's a-fishin'.'

"'But maybe you're not fishing for fish. What is your object?'

"'De object of mah fishin' for fish whar dey hain't no fish,' said Uncle Ned, 'is to let mah old woman see dat Ah hain't got no time fo' ter hoe de potato patch.'"

Not Any for Him.

A restaurant keeper hung out this sign: "Coffee: Such as Mother Used to Make."

One morning a man entered the cafe, and as the waiter approached him he inquired, pointing to the sign:

"Is your coffee really such as mother used to make?"

"It is, sure!" replied the waiter, convincingly.

"Then," said the man, with a reminiscent look, "give me a cup of tea."

Why Not?

Jimmie giggled when the teacher read the story of the man who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?"

"No, sir," answered Jimmie, "but I wonder why he did not make it four and get back to the side where his clothes were."

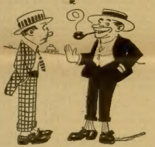
Up to Date.

"Pa, what is an alchemist?"

"An alchemist, my son, was an ancient philosopher who tried to transmute the baser metals into gold."

"Are there any alchemists these days, pa?"

"None of the old sort. The modern alchemist is trying to find a substitute for gasoline."



"Say, did you ever kiss a girl in a quiet spot?"

"Yes, but the spot was only quiet while I was kissing her."

Different Basis.

"I'd like to ask you to stay for dinner," he told his country cousin, "but I don't know how things will be."

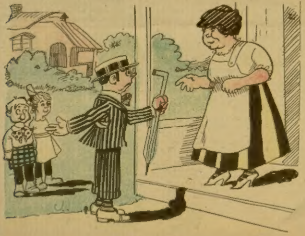
"That's all right. We frequently take pot luck in the country."

"Pot luck is all well enough, but we get our dinner out of a fireless cooker."

Proving the Proverb.

"'Distance lends enchantment to the view,' some poet says."

"That's right! At any rate, it's easier to admire a girl when she's well off."



Mr. Peewee—"Madam, your children laugh at me every time I pass."

Mrs. Kidmore—"You mustn't mind those silly children. They giggle at every foolish little thing they see."

Departing From His Custom.

A gentleman, while walking with two ladies thru one of the principal streets of London, saw a man begging. One of the ladies, who had evidently seen the mendicant before, said:

"This is the most singular man I ever heard of. No matter how much money you give him, he always returns the change, and never keeps more than a penny."

"Why, what a fool he must be!" remarked the gentleman. "But I'll try him and put him to a little trouble."

So saying, the gentleman pulled from his pocket a sovereign, which he dropped into the beggar's hat. The mendicant turned the coin over two or three times, examined it closely and then raising his eyes to the countenance of the benevolent man, said:

"Well, I'll not adhere to my usual custom in this case. I'll keep it all for luck; but don't do it again."

The donor opened his eyes in astonishment and passed on, while the ladies smiled with delight.

The Light He Saw.

It was "somewhere in the North Sea." Bill had been sent aloft just after darkness set in and was told to report if any lights could be seen.

Somehow the official who gave the order to Bill clean forgot the patient "tar" and so Bill remained aloft for some hours. The officer, suddenly remembering giving the orders to the shivering sailor, called out:

"Aloft there!"

Bill—"Aye, aye, sir."

Officer—"See any light?"

Bill—"Yes, sir! One."

Officer—"What is it?"

Bill—"Daylight, by gum!"

His Name.

Two brothers, Julius and William, but commonly called "Jule" and "Bill," were in the same class. On the first morning of the new teacher's regime every pupil was called upon to give his name. The older of the two brothers gave his first, "Jule Clark."

"No abbreviations, please—the whole name," said the teacher, severely.

"Julius Clark."

"And you?" she queried of bashful little William. He was frightened out of his boots by her newness and her severity.

'B-billius Clark," he stammered.

Too Much.

One of the Scottish golf clubs gives a dinner each year to the youngsters it employs as caddies. At the feast last year one of the boys disdained to use any of the forks he found at his plate, and loaded his food into himself with his knife. When the ice-cream course was reached and he still used his knife, a boy who sat opposite to him, and who could stand it no longer, shouted:

"Great Scot! Look at Skinny, usin' his iron all the way round!"

Those Panama Slides.

Bacon—"The world's present potato crop is approximately large enough to fill two-thirds of the Panama Canal."

Egbert—"Well, I hope to gracious our government is not to be annoyed now by potato slides."

Not Manlike.

Patience—"Women seem to be doing everything that men do, nowadays."

Patrice—"Nonsense! You never saw a man powdering his nose fifty times a day, did you?"

Easy Enough.

Talk is cheap. Here is Smith, who once said proudly in the club smoking room:

"For twenty-eight years, gentlemen, I haven't touched a card, taken a drink, told a lie, done an unkind deed, or smoked, or sworn."

"Jiminy, I wish I could say that," Brown exclaimed, enviously.

"Well, why don't you?" said a mutual friend. "Smith did."

He Didn't Think of That.

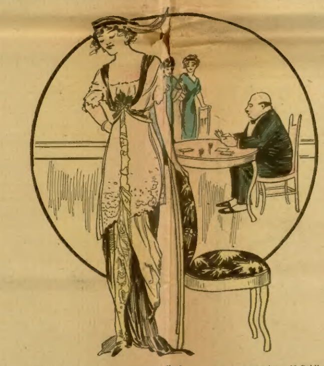
"I suppose you know the story of how Christopher Columbus made the egg stand up."

"No. What did he do; have it hatched out into a chicken?"

Right Place.

"Really, Kate," said the young man, in considerable agitation, "I am very sorry I lost my head and kissed you. I didn't think what I was doing. It is a sort of temporary insanity in our family."

"Well, Roy," replied the young woman, "if you ever feel any more such attacks coming on, you had better come right here where your infirmity is known and we will take care of you."



Mazie—"How pretty Marie looks! She has just put the hooks into old Goldbag for three hundred dollars at bridge."

Maude—"Yes, she does look winsome!"

Easy.

"Did that book agent succeed in inveigling you into buying a set of Shakespeare's works?"

"No."

"How did you get rid of him so easily?"

"I simply showed him the last dun I received for a set of books I bought on the installment plan two years ago."

Misnomer.

"I can't understand why those two lawyers call it a deed of trust."

"Why not?"

"From the care with which they are drawing it up it is quite evident that they don't trust each other."

A Nice Distinction.

"I suppose you will send your family away for the summer?"

"No, indeed," answered the meek looking man. "My wife and daughters would resent the idea of my sending them anywhere. However, they expect to be away all summer."

A Great Opportunity.

"Where do you intend to go this summer?"

"I'm going to stay at home," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "My family's going away and I'm going to embrace the opportunity to sit in my shirt sleeves and smoke cigars in the best rooms in the house."

Not a Safety Razor.

There recently entered a Washington shop a dusky person who announced that he wished to purchase a razor.

"Safety?" asked the clerk.

"No, suh," was the decided response. "I desire it for social usage."

The One He Loved.

Alas, the honeymoon was indeed over! That morning they had come to words over breakfast and he had departed for the city in a rage.

As the day passed he began to think that, perhaps, after all, he had been rather hasty. So as he wended his way homeward he carried a small but interesting parcel. To his amazement, his little wife refused to take the slightest notice of it—and him.

"Don't you want to see what's in my parcel, darling?" he pleaded wistfully.

"I expect I can manage to survive not knowing," she retorted coldly.

"Well," he said playfully, "it's something for somebody I love more than all the world."

The lady's face brightened up.

"Really?" she said. "Then I suppose it's the cigarette case you've been wanting so long."

Her Hired Help.

In Washington the servants, as a rule, go to their own homes at night. The cook in the family of a clergyman not only does this, but of late has frequently arrived at the rectory too late to cook breakfast. Hence her mistress told her that, for each breakfast missed, there would be a reduction in her weekly wages. Maria passively assented to this. The next day the mistress heard this conversation between the maid next door and the delinquent cook:

"'Pears to me like you git to work mighty late."

"I gits to work when I gits ready."

"How does yo' manage about de breakfast?"

"Oh, I pays de missus to cook de breakfast."

Doctor's Orders.

An old colored uncle was found by the preacher prowling in his barnyard late one night.

"Uncle Calhoun," said the preacher, sternly, "it can't be good for your rheumatism to be prowling round here in the rain and cold."

"Doctor's orders, sah," the old man answered.

"Doctor's orders?" said the preacher. "Did he tell you to go prowling round all night?"

"No, sah, not exactly, sah," said Uncle Cal; "but he done ordered me chicken broth."

An Excellent View.

"The British army has raised its age limit to 45 years," said H. E. Gresham, the British consul to Cleveland. "The age limit originally was 38.

"The army isn't so exclusive either as to age or as to physique as it was at first.

"A slacker in Manchester tried to get exempted the other day.

"'I've got such poor eyesight,' he said. 'I can't see any distance at all.'

"'Oh, that'll be all right,' said the surgeon. 'You'll have an excellent view. We'll give you a trench in the very front line.'"

Evidence Against Him.

"Not guilty, sir," replied the prisoner.

"Where did you find the prisoner, constable?" asked the magistrate.

"In Trafalgar Square, sir," was the reply.

"And what made you think he was intoxicated?"

"Well, sir, he was throwing his walking-stick into the basin of one of the fountains, and trying to entice one of the stone lions to go and fetch it out again."

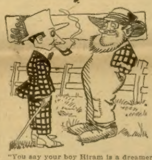
Didn't Want Him Spoiled.

"Have you any objections to me as a son-in-law?" asked the young man.

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox. "At present you're cheerful and companionable, and I like you first-rate."

"Then why not have me in the family?"

"I don't want to take a chance of spoiling you. I don't know how you would turn out after mother and the girls had bossed you around for a few years."



"You say your boy Hiram is a dreamer. Does he write poetry or romances?"

"Oh, he don't write anything. But he jes' natchelly refuses to get up till 9 o'clock."

Fame.

A Long Island teacher was recounting the story of Red Riding Hood. After describing the woods and the wild animals that flourished therein, she added:

"Suddenly Red Riding Hood heard a great noise. She turned about, and what do you suppose she saw standing there, gazing at her and showing all its sharp, white teeth?"

"Teddy Roosevelt!" volunteered one of the boys.

Making a Home for Him.

A Mobile man tells of a negro truck driver who backed his truck into the space allotted to a rival concern at a railway freight depot in that town.

"Look out, niggah!" yelled the driver on whose territory the other had transgressed. "I'll knock yo' outer house an' home ef yo' don't back up!"

"I ain't got no home," retorted the offending driver. "Now what yo' gonna do 'bout it?"

"I'll dig yo' one, niggah—I'll dig yo' one!" was the response.

A Record Breaker.

"Maggie," said the inexperienced young thing to the cook, "the biscuits were a sight. If you can't do better next time I will have to discharge you."

"Ye will, will ye? I'll have ye know, mum, that I've been workin' out for two years, an' I've worked for eighty-nine av the best families in town, an' I ain't ever bin discharged yet. I'm l'avin' this afthernoon for a better place."

Meaning Now Clear.

Wife—"Well, dear, I shall have to do the cooking now. Cook left without warning this afternoon."

Husband—"Not exactly without warning. She told me this morning I had better bring home some dyspepsia tablets tonight, but I didn't quite understand what she meant."

An Accountant.

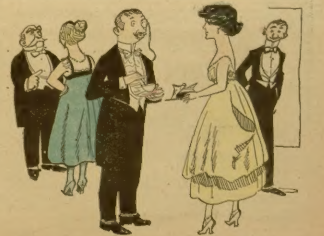
"Why do you call Biggins an expert accountant?"

"Because of his assumptions of extraordinary wisdom. There isn't any phenomenon in the universe that he doesn't assume to be able to account for."

Coming Along.

"How were those seeds I sent you?" asked the Congressman.

"You're just in time to do a little hoeing," responded the farmer, handing over the proper implement with a grin.



Haw-Haw Swell—"I think I shall write to your father and ask him if I may marry you. What sort of a letter would you advise me to send?"

The Girl—"I should write an anonymous one, if I were you."

Keeneyes' Solution

(Continued From Page 9)

had been attacked he must have heard the galloping of her frightened horse, for the pistol shot had sounded that close. He must have heard the horse, unless some one had held it before the discharge of the weapon, and even then it should have plunged and made a noise.

He was a little reassured to reflect that the sound had not come from the shortest path Mrs. Dubois might have taken to reach the bed of the creek. However, she might not have left her horse at the creek bank. He was worried, and stood irresolute. Here was the shed to be examined, but possibly he was really needed over yonder whence came the report of the pistol.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTER profound reflection, Keeneyes went into the cattle-shed. He had concluded that if there were danger in the woods threatening him, the shed would be the safest place from which to face it. On the other hand, if some one had been wounded, the work of the bullet must have been effective, since no shout for help had been raised—and what was done was done. That is why he examined the shed before going to see what had happened.

At first it seemed that there was absolutely nothing in the shed to reward him for his pains. In the main, it was exactly what might be expected of the interior of a feeding and cattle-shed that had stood neglected thru the summers and winters of passing years. If anything out of the way was there, it was a heap of twigs and dead and half-dead leaves in one corner. This heap suggested that some one had slept there not many days ago. But in the heap nothing was to be found in the way of clews.

Since Tad had mentioned this shed in his letter, and since some one had slept there recently, it was a reasonable inference that he or Tuck had slept there since leaving Pamiston. But they had gone on, and to view the spot where they had lain was of no avail.

Keeneyes looked to see if Tad had slyly inscribed some warning or call for help [illegible] the scratching of a nail or [illegible] pocketknife. But nothing of the sort was visible.

"Very well," thought the detective, "and now for that *mysterious pistol shot.*"

And leaving the shed, crossing the clearing, he plunged into the woods without troubling himself to step softly. People who fire off pistols are not very particular about noises being made by the leaves of a forest.

In a very short time he stood where he believed the pistol had been fired, and in taking a few steps backward and forward he was almost at once altered from an attitude of faith to knowledge.

What he suddenly discovered on the ground, not ten yards away, told him that he had come to the right place. The object upon which his eyes were riveted was that of a human being, a short time ago very powerful and big, and now big but pitiably weak, or rather, absolutely without the power to move a muscle.

In the bushes where he had fallen, Tuck lay dead, with a bullet hole thru his heart. Just as Walsh, the sheriff, had been found, so now Keeneyes found the negro, except that no weapon lay upon the ground; for, on closer scrutiny, Keeneyes discovered that the shot had been fired so close to the unfortunate man's breast that his garments had been singed by the blaze of the explosion.

The detective stood gazing down at the inert form. The forest was very still. Straining ears could catch no sound but the occasional lonesome note of a bird. What had happened? Who had fired that shot? And what was to be done?

Of course the authorities must be notified; and moreover, they should be notified without delay. But might that not prove embarrassing to the detective's plans?

He decided that the first thing to be done was to find Doctor Free. Since Tad was safe at home, and Tuck was dead, there was now no reason to linger at or in the vicinity of Toxville.

Accordingly, with rapid strides, not caring what noise he made, the detective hurried in a southeasterly direction, not expecting, of course, to overtake Doctor Free, unless the physician should have lost his way, but meaning to relieve him from the necessity of watching the dugout for developments.

But he had not been long on the way when he came face to face with Doctor Free, apparently returning to the cattle-shed.

"My dear doctor!" murmured Keeneyes, in surprise.

"Yes, it is your 'dear doctor,'" returned Doctor Free, not very pleasantly.

"Are you lost?"

"No, I am not lost; I know perfectly well where I am."

"But it was our understanding"

"Yes, yes, I know, but you must permit me to exercise some of my own common sense and not depend absolutely upon yours. I found the tree about two miles from the clearing, with Tad's initials cut upon it—'T. W.' I went on, the path being fairly well marked, and in a very short time reached the dugout."

"Where you were to remain," observed Keeneyes.

"Yes, so I intended at first. But the attack upon me at the cattle-shed had been so sinister and unforeseen that I was every moment expecting to be knocked on the head as I watched the dugout. I would turn to look behind me a hundred times. I felt that I must get in the dugout to escape perhaps being shot from ambush. And I did get down into the old cave. But no sooner was I in it that I feared some one would stealthily slip upon me, and out I came. I'm not a nervous man, Mr. Zellers, but I couldn't stand it. There was nothing in the dugout but a heap of leaves and branches where some one had been sleeping. What was the use to remain?"

"No use at all; but there might have been use. Tad might have been held a prisoner near that spot. However——" and Keeneyes showed him the telegram from Tad

"As he's safe at home," exclaimed Doctor Free, joyfully, "we can go back to Pamiston this evening."

"Doctor Free, did you hear the report of a pistol some time ago?"

"I did not. I was expecting somebody to fire at me from between the trees every moment—I thought Tuck would surely get me—but I didn't hear any shooting."

"It is singular that you should have thought of Tuck, and thought of a pistol, yet not heard a shot fired."

"If a shot was fired," the physician remarked, "it might subconsciously have started the train of thought I have described. At any rate, I thought it quite unnecessary to guard the dugout any longer. But did somebody fire a shot? Was it Tuck?"

"Suppose I should tell you that Tuck is no more?"

"If you mean he's dead, I'm heartily glad to hear it. As I told you before, I've always been sorry Samson Plim interfered to save his life. I know when a man is absolutely of no use to the world, and such a one ought to be out of it. So if you've killed him, don't imagine that I shall reproach you—tho it may get you into an annoying situation with the fools of justice."

"Look here, doctor," interposed the detective, stiffly, "I'd rather you'd not say such things even in jest. Tuck has been shot, by whom I know not—possibly you know——"

"Indeed, I do not know," returned the obstinate and irate physician, "but I should have been perfectly willing to kill him. Where is the body?"

Keeneyes led him to the spot, and the physician examined it with minute and professional scrutiny, but with no compassion. "It's better than he deserved," he remarked. "And now what are we to do? Report it, of course—but that will keep us at Toxville, perhaps."

"No, I'll try to arrange with the sheriff of this county to let us off at least for tonight, for I want to see Tad as soon as possible and find out what he has to tell me. But as to this poor negro—will you watch beside him while I hurry to the station to telegraph the sheriff?"

"Yes—you'll find my horse just over yonder," and he nodded toward the east.

"Observe how close the pistol was held against Tuck's breast when he was shot," said the detective. "In Mr. Walsh's case, you declared it must have been suicide. What do you think about Tuck?"

"Oh, that's different; if he had committed suicide, we'd find his weapon lying here. And besides, why should he commit suicide?"

"If it comes to that," returned Keeneyes, starting after the horse, "why should Sheriff Walsh have committed suicide? Every one says he could have had no possible motive."

Doctor Free shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

In a very short time the detective returned on the doctor's horse, on his way toward the station. He paused to remark:

"Doctor Free, you did not answer my question."

"Question? Question?" Doctor Free repeated abstractedly.

"Yes, question. What motive could Mr. Walsh have had to kill himself?"

"How should I know?"

"You do not care to say anything further?"

"You've hit the nail on the head; I do not care to say anything further."

"Very good. I'll be back as soon as possible."

He rode away

Doctor Free called after him: "I say, Mr Zellers"'

The detective reined up his horse expectantly.

"Look here, Mr. Zellers, this thing may be extremely unpleasant for one of us, don't you know? The fools will want to find out who shot Tuck. It would be perfectly useless to try to convince the jury that he was no account and is better out of the way. People don't like to have other folks murdered, no matter how much they need it."

"Well?"

"Look here." The doctor drew his revolver from his pocket. "As it happens I am lacking one cartridge in my barrel. I put in only five when I left home, and they are the same size as this one that killed Tuck. It's awkward, don't you know?"

"It would have been better if you hadn't told me. You might have thrown your pistol into the creek."

"If I had," returned the physician, "and if it had been found and traced to me—what then?"

"Oh, certainly!"

"And besides, being innocent, I propose to do nothing to indicate that I dread suspicion. You'd better go on, Mr. Zellers, and bring 'em as fast as you can."

Keeneyes rode on without further pause.

At the Toxville station he found Mrs. Dubois idling away the time on the platform, her horse fastened to a fence near the general store.

"Any news?" called Keeneyes as he rode on toward the general store.

"No—except that a tramp passed along a good while ago, and went into the woods," she answered, speaking in a man's voice. "I wondered if he'd come across you and interfere with your plans."

To this the detective said nothing. Dismounting in front of the store he found only one man within—the proprietor. Keeneyes inquired about the tramp.

"Yes," yawned the sleepy merchant, "a feller come in here about two hours ago asking for something to eat. Of course I didn't give him nothing, for I'm a man of principle."

Keeneyes then informed him of the murdered negro, and used his telephone for calling up the sheriff, who lived in the county seat some fifteen miles away. As the bachelor merchant could not leave his store, even had he desired to see the murdered man, they waited there together for the arrival of the sheriff and coroner, and while they did so, Keeneyes obtained an accurate description of the tramp, which was confirmed by Mrs. Dubois. It was not long after the arrival of the detective when Doctor Free walked in, and corroborated the report of the dead body.

Keeneyes, Doctor Free and Mrs. Dubois were all eager to leave Toxville, and there was good hope of doing so, since the sheriff and his men should arrive in an automobile long before time for the train to leave for Pamiston. Doctor Free was so disturbed over the presence of Mrs. Dubois, whose disguise he had not penetrated, that he could scarcely restrain his temper. Here was this Billy Livermore, who had left the train when they did, and who now, it appeared, was waiting to take the same train back home that they meant to take. What had Billy Livermore been doing in Toxville, if not spying on them? How was it that Keeneyes, astute detective tho he be, had not thought of this?

But Keeneyes, who knew his thoughts, did not explain anything, and Mrs. Dubois, enjoying her position, lounged about the store and the station, smoking cigarettes persistently, and staring impudently at Doctor Free.

At last the automobile sped up, and the sheriff, the coroner and three others leaped to the ground. They were taken to the spot where Tuck lay, and Keeneyes told all he knew, except, to be sure, he did not find it necessary to say anything about that one missing bullet from Doctor Free's pistol. The tramp was fully described, but no trace of him could be found after his lounging into the shrubbery of the dense wood.

It was a natural conclusion that this tramp had fired the shot—either that, or Tuck had killed himself and the tramp had found and stolen the dead man's weapon. The latter supposition, however, while a possibility, was believed by no one. Why a wandering tramp should have shot a wandering negro, nobody attempted to explain.

After the coroner had taken possession of the body, permission was given Keeneyes and Doctor Free—the two who had found the dead man—to return to Toxville, subject to a call to attend the inquest, as a matter of course. As to Billy Livermore, she was not requisitioned to appear, since she professed to know nothing of the matter. To be sure, she could testify to the tramp, and to the tramp's taking the direction that might have led him to the spot of the killing; but as the merchant was also ready to testify to this, it was decided not to compel Billy Livermore to come back unless something should develop to make it necessary. In that case, Keeneyes pledged himself to trace and produce the "traveling man." It was the detective whose influence relieved Mrs. Dubois of the necessity of coming back, for he thought it unwise to use her disguise till in a sense it might grow threadbare.

By this time Doctor Free had taken such deep aversion to Billy Livermore that he could with difficulty restrain himself. He was sorry Billy should be spared any inconvenience. It served him right for prowling about deserted stations apparently for spying purposes. He was relieved to find, when the Pamiston train stopped, that Billy went to the smoking car. That left him and the detective to ride in the parlor car, where the objectionable "traveling man" need not be seen.

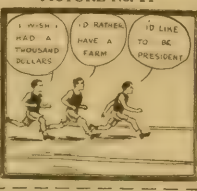
At Pamiston, he looked angrily up the track to find out whether or not Billy

SEND US $1.00 TODAY

for a One Year's Subscription to The Farming Business—

and we will at once send you free the Catalog of Joke Titles, alphabetically arranged, and containing all the Joke Titles you can use in the W. D. Boyce Co.'s $4,000 Cash Picturegame, and the Reply Book which enables you to make three answers to each picture, and also we will send you all the 11 pictures which have appeared to date. This will enable you to start at once in the W. D. Boyce Co.'s great $4,000 Cash Picturegame. All you have to do is to name the BEST titles to 24 easy pictures. Send in your dollar today, get the Complete Picturegame Outfit, with full instructions how to play this easy game.

PICTURE No. 11


I WISH I HAD A THOUSAND DOLLARS
I'D RATHER HAVE A FARM
I'D LIKE TO BE PRESIDENT

Forlorn Hope.
No Doubt
Unanimous
Agreed
Race, The
Prudence
Best of It
On the Sea
Scant
Ideal Parents
Left Out
Dramatic Values
In Boston
Real Punch
Essence of Sport
His Speed
Settled
All for the Best
His Standard
Expert Opinion
Preposterous
Such Is Fame
Unfeeling
Cheap
All in the Game
It Might Be Worse
You Can't Beat Them
Judge for Yourself
Great Expectations
What Saves Them
No Primrose Path
Had to Be Shown
Too Wise for That
Perfectly Ridiculous
Waste Not, Want Not
Another Mystery Solved
Helped Themselves
Between Summer Boarders
Postponing the Evil Day
Back to the Woods
He Had Lived With Her
Capturing Villa, Dead or Alive
Marked Superiority
Dealing in Futures
Raging Elements
Paternal Suggestion
Business Is Pleasure

You should have no trouble in winning the first prize of $1,000 cash. It only costs you one dollar to enter and play. You can pick out best titles to pictures as well as any one. The Farming Business is conducting this great game; but every one can play it. We will send you the rules showing how you can compete without expense, but the best way is for you to send us a dollar now, get the Outfit and start after your share of the $4,000 cash. Do it Now.

Our Special Offer—Accept It Today

Picturegame Editor, Boyce Publications,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I inclose $1.00, for which send me The Farming Business for one year, and as a gift send me FREE the 10 pictures which have appeared thus far, the Catalog of Joke Titles containing all the Joke Titles I can use, and Reply Book in which to write down my answers.

Name

P. O. Address

If you wish you can send us two six months' subscriptions at 50 cents each, or four three months' subscriptions at 25 cents each. You can easily get your friends to give you these subscriptions.

Livermore got off. Sure enough, the dapper little "gentleman" stepped down upon the platform, still puffing a cigarette.

"Confound that rascal!" growled Doctor Free, "I don't understand this at all. I've a good notion to go up to that fellow and pound his head."

"Come along," Keeneyes insisted, taking him by the arm.

"If he follows me," said the physician, very fiercely, looking back over his shoulder, "I'll not be answerable for the consequences—the sneaking spy! And what does he expect by it? What's he looking for?"

Keeneyes laughed.

"You see," he said, "the scamp's not following us—he's going in the opposite direction. Perhaps his going to Toxville had nothing to do with your going there."

The physician said nothing. As the other had said, Billy Livermore was not following them, and soon he had vanished up another street.

"I will tell you good night," said the detective, "with many thanks for the assistance you have given me today."

"After all," said Doctor Free, his manner calming down, "I wasn't able to do anything to help you in your investigations."

"Don't say that—you've helped things along amazingly. I'll tell you more in the morning, if you are interested. But now I must rush around to the Walsh home, and interview Tad, and find out everything he can tell me about himself and his queer adventures. They must have been decidedly queer with poor old Tuck."

"I'm glad Tuck's dead," growled Doctor Free, as they parted.

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER leaving Doctor Free, the detective bent his steps in the direction of the jail, over which were the lodgings of the sheriff's family.

When he reached the building, he ascended the steps very carefully, for, altho he supposed Mrs. Walsh, the sheriff's widow, lay in a state of absolute unconsciousness from which she could not be aroused until after the proposed operation, still one can never be sure. The doctors might be mistaken, and any sudden noise might excite her fatally.

Yet, at the same time, he felt that it was imperative that he should see Tad at once. No doubt Tad lay asleep in some part of the upstairs. How could he reach him without knocking for admittance?

He decided to knock very gently. He knew that there was no hall in the living-story of the house, and it was possible that Mrs. Walsh lay in the very front room on the other side of that door. If so, it had been very foolishly arranged; but in the detective's experience, he had found that such matters were very often foolishly arranged.

He applied his knuckles to the door, disregarding the bell, and struck once, quite gently, upon the panel.

In answer came from the room on the other side of the door a voice, calling in a very strange tone—a voice neither loud nor soft, but penetrating and at the same time of an almost inhuman quality. It suggested to him that it was uttered automatically, as if evolved without the knowledge of the owner of the voice, somewhat as a somnambulist or a hypnotized subject might speak.

"Samson!" called the ghastly voice. "Samson."

The detective paused, motionless, and absolute silence ensued. He had been stupefied by that voice. But he quickly recovered himself, and after a moment's quick thinking, again rapped upon the door—one soft blow.

"Samson!" came the same unnatural voice, as if moved by a spring. "Samson!"

Keeneyes then softly tried the doorknob, but the door was locked. He quietly turned and left the house.

He did not care to see Tad—all need for haste was over. He could imagine Tad's story with a fair degree of accuracy.

Why rouse him now, to be told what he already as good as knew? Tad had followed Tuck to Toxville, partly on the freight train, the rest of the way thru the forest. Tuck had no doubt discovered him at last, and had made him a prisoner—doubtless binding him with the very same rope with which on this day he had bound Doctor Free. They had passed a night—maybe longer—in the cattle-shed.

Then Tuck, not knowing what to do with Tad, unwilling to do him bodily harm, but afraid to turn him loose, had carried him on to the dugout; and on the way Tad had found an opportunity to cut his initials on the tree, and to write the letter to Keeneyes.

How had he procured the pencil and paper and stamp, and how had he managed to get the letter mailed? As to that, Keeneyes could not guess.

Later Tad had escaped from the dugout and instead of going to Toxville, had cut across the country to the next town and taken a train that would reach Pamiston much quicker than would a Toxville train.

It was all easily understood, except the detail of getting the letter materials and getting the letter mailed. Tuck, finding his prisoner escaped, was searching for him when he found Doctor Free.

Keeneyes nodded with satisfaction as he left the sheriff's quarters. He understood the solution of the mystery in all its essentials, and on the morrow everything would be cleared up.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AFTER leaving the sheriff's residence without having made his presence there known, the detective sought the outskirts of Pamiston, and singled out for particular attention one of the most disreputable hovels to be found. This was the place where Tuck had lived.

The detective had already examined the cabin and its surrounding grounds, but his examination had told him nothing. He could not be satisfied with what he had seen.

He told himself that it was not absolutely necessary to learn more than he now knew; still, there was one point he had not cleared up, and if it were possible to do so, he thought it might be done at this place.

He let himself into the miserable building without any more noise than could be avoided, tho now that Tuck was dead, it was improbable that any one cared whether he entered or not. In fact, it was so little worth while to try to hide his movements that he lit one of Tuck's lamps and set it on the table, having first drawn the blinds.

By the light of this lamp he undertook a far more exhaustive search than he had hitherto given. Before, he had not thought, with the lines of the case already clearly outlined in his mind, that it was necessary to unearth any clews in this cabin. Now it was otherwise.

At the end of two hours he had something as a reward for his pains, tho to another man this would probably have seemed nothing at all.

The one room of the building was exceedingly scanty of furniture, and this furniture was of the simplest. There were a few worthless time-eaten books, and a mass of newspapers, showing that Tuck was able either to read, or to interest himself by staring at printed pages.

The detective did not fail to take up the flooring in any place where it was loose, and there were several such places. At last he found under the planks in one corner a bulky object, which, on being drawn into the lamplight proved to be a cloth-bound book, not new, by any means, but intact. At least, it seemed intact on the first scrutiny, but when Keeneyes had carried it to the table, a thoughtful examination revealed the fact that one leaf of this book was gone. The title of the book was, "Notable Crimes and Their Punishment."

The book was profusely illustrated, the illustrations being in each case printed upon heavier paper than the leaves of the book, and under each picture was printed in capital letters a graphic sentence embodying the fate of the victim. The leaf missing from the book was one of the illustrations.

Keeneyes looked back hastily, then at the close of the book to discover if there were a list of the illustrations. There was none. He then read the pages preceding and following the torn-out page; but, as so often occurs, the illustrations in the book were not placed near the text they were meant to illustrate, and the account into which had been sewed the missing illustration concerned a man who had been hanged for deliberate murder. In another part of the book, however, farther on, Keeneyes found the picture illustrating this murderer's fate. To find out what sort of picture had been torn from the book, it would be necessary to read the entire grewsome chronicle, unless he could find the crumpled-up page cast upon the ash heap or in the stove.

But he was sure that if it had lain about, he must already have seen it. However, he searched again. But no missing page was to be found. Accordingly, he blew out the lamp, put the book under his arm, and went to his hotel, resolved to read the volume, if need be, from cover to cover.

Having reached the hotel, and having learned from the night clerk that there were no telegrams for him, no important letters, and only one message—a message left there by Tad to tell him of his return to Pamiston—Keeneyes carried the book up to his room, and doggedly set himself to work to read as unpleasant and, to him, as dry a work, as had ever fallen to him in the course of his professional duty.

This remarkable story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

Another Lincoln Story.

The last survivor of the crew of the Monitor called at the White House recently. He wished to see the President and show him a design for a building to be erected in Newark, N. J., in commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of that city, writes a Washington correspondent of the New York Times. As the President was engaged in an important conference with Secretary Lansing, Dr. Greenville M. Weeks—for that was the caller's name—was asked to return at some more convienent time.

Doctor Weeks is in his eightieth year. He made a striking appearance as he stood in the corridor of the executive offices in his Grand Army uniform and with his flowing white hair and beard. One arm—the right—hung limp and almost useless. It was the souvenir that he brought from the famous battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac. He carried another wound, from a spear thrust received in a land battle in February, 1864 after he had received a commission as surgeon in the Union Army.

The circumstance of that commission was related by Doctor Weeks in an interesting fashion. Incidentally, it has to do with his last previous visit to the White House. After his injury on the Monitor the wounded man came to Washington to apply for appointment on the medical staff of the Army. Secretary Stanton gave him no encouragement.

Doctor Weeks heard that President Lincoln was holding a reception, and crossed over to the White House to pay his respects. As he was about to enter the room where Lincoln was standing, an officer blocked his way, and gruffly told him to fall in at the end of the line.

Lincoln overheard the order. He recalled Doctor Weeks, and, turning to the officer, said:

"Hereafter, whether the caller is an officer or private, Major, be a gentle-man," separating the syllables of the last word and emphasizing the first two.

Then, turning to Doctor Weeks, the President said:

"You are wounded, sir. There's a place for you, however, if you can use your head."

Made-to-Measure
Express Prepaid $2.75
Pants cut in the latest style. Made-to-your individual measure. Fit, workmanship and wear guaranteed.
No Extra Charge for peg tops, no matter how extreme you order them.
Agents Wanted A good live hustler in every town to take orders for our celebrated made-to-measure clothes. Samples of all latest materials **Free.**
We Pay Big Money to our agents everywhere. Turn your spare time into cash by taking orders for our stylish clothes. Write today for beautiful **FREE** outfit.
THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
Dept. 202 Chicago, Ill.

FACTORY to RIDER
Saves you big money. Buy direct and save $10 to $20 on a bicycle.
RANGER BICYCLES in 94 styles, colors [illegible]
WE DELIVER FREE [illegible] approval and 30 days [illegible]
Our **big FREE catalog** shows everything new in bicycles and sundries. A cyclopedia of information which every person should have. Write for it.
TIRES, lamps, wheels, parts and supplies at *half usual prices.* A few good second-hand bicycles taken in trade $3 to $8 to clear.
Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you write and learn our *wonderful new offers,* low prices and liberal terms. A postal brings everything. Write now.
MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. W-53, CHICAGO

FREE We will send you this beautiful GOLD PLATED RING absolutely Free if you will send us the names of five of your neighbors and 10 cents to pay postage, etc. GEM CITY SUPPLY CO., Quincy, Illinois

PATENTS How to Obtain a Patent. Write for list of Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free upon request. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. 697 Ninth WASHINGTON, D. C.

Guaranteed Genuine Wm. A. Rogers 1881 Silverware
Latest Beauty Leaf Pattern
25% Heavier Than Standard Silver Plate
Send Only 50¢
We will send you one of these remarkable chests of silver, containing 26 full size pieces—6 regular size table knives, 6 forks, 6 tablespoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 butter knife and 1 sugar shell, on receipt of only 50c and the coupon below. We ask for no references, as others do, not even your promise to keep the chest of silver. Simply send coupon and 50 cents and we will at once ship you this chest of
Beautiful 26-Piece Rogers Silverware Set
for ten days' free trial in your home.
By special arrangement with the William A. Rogers Company, the greatest silverware manufacturers in the world, we have secured the entire output of their most elegant silverware design—the Beauty Leaf Pattern—and until [illegible] are disposed of we make this most sensational bargain offer. This is perhaps the most beautiful silverware ever produced. It is made of extra heavy 1881 genuine silverplate, being 25% heavier than standard plate. There is absolutely nothing more artistic or beautiful to be had in table silverware than this famous genuine Wm. A. Rogers Beauty Leaf Pattern. Each piece is stamped 1881 Rogers A-1.
The chest is made of hardwood, beautiful golden oak finish, inside draped with [illegible] cloth [illegible] and clasp highly [illegible] metal.
Exact Size Tea Spoon Showing Beautiful Design of Entire Set
WONDERFUL SALE
Send the coupon below and 50 cents and we will immediately ship the full 26 piece chest of silverware to you with privilege of ten days free use and examination. If after examination you decide that you would like to keep this beautiful outfit at this remarkable bargain price, then you may pay the same on our most liberal, easy credit terms, of only $1 per month until you have paid our special bargain price of only $9.80 for this grand chest of silver, otherwise, if not perfectly satisfactory, notify us, and we will at once refund your 50c, and you are to return ware at our expense.
Only 10,000 Chests Do not delay, send coupon and 50c at once. Only 10,000 of these chests to be sold for advertising purposes at this [illegible]. With each chest of silverware there is a print[illegible] signed by the makers, Wm. A. [illegible]. In addition to this we give you the Hartman guarantee of perfect satisfaction or your money back.
We say to you that never before have you been offered a silverware bargain such as this, and we ask you to send [illegible] Compare it with any silverware and prices and terms quoted by any one else, and you will find this to be a bargain such as you have never before had an opportunity to take advantage of. This offer is indeed sensational, and the silverware is the most gorgeous pattern yet designed.
Don't delay, send coupon and 50 cents today. No C. O. D.; no mortgage; no embarrassing questions asked. [illegible] delighted with this bargain.
HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.,
Silverware Dept. 20 Chicago, Ill.
MAIL COUPON TODAY
Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co.
Silverware Dept 20 Chicago, Ill.
Enclosed find 50c. Pl[illegible] Chest of genuine Wm. A. [illegible] ware. If satisfactory [illegible] payments of [illegible] Silver to you at [illegible]
NAME . . . .
ADDRESS . . . .

Stealing the Show.

(Continued From Page 8.)

operator. "But there ain't a chance in a hundred."

Billy stared blankly out of the window. Every plan had gone back on him. There seemed nothing to it now but to return to stand trial. In the meantime, he knew, Moran would be getting farther and farther away. He turned to the sheriff.

"Well, sheriff," he said wearily, "I guess it's all off. Come on. Let's go back home."

Next week's Ledger will contain the concluding chapters of this interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

Easy Enough.

Dr. Dudley A. Sargent of Harvard holds that sex is no bar to military service—that a woman would make as good a soldier as a man. Dr. Sargent, at a tea in Boston, said to a group of flattered, smiling girls: "Why shouldn't you, indeed, make as good soldiers as men? Look how resourceful you are. I know a young fellow who said to a girl doubtfully: 'I consulted a palmist last evening and she told me I would marry a blonde within three months.' The girl, tossing her raven locks, answered with a roguish smile: 'Well, I can easily be a blonde by that time, Jack.' "

* * *

Impossible.

He was a member of a regimental band and he did not forget to brag about it.

"Why, man, we can play the most intricate airs at sight," he was saying.

"Indeed!" said the unbelieving listener. "I should like to hear you play the airs the drum major puts on."

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

SALESMEN WANTED

AUTOMOBILE SPECIALTY SALESMEN—Look! Chicago's largest manufacturers of Auto Supplies desire local agents. Are giving free with first $25 order Solid Gold Diamond Scarf Pin or Brooch. Great chance to establish auto supply business. Big commissions. Graspit Mfg. Co., 721 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

$1,000 PER MAN PER COUNTY—STRANGE invention startles world—agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide $40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did $2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, $195 first 12 hours. $1,200 [illegible] made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days. $15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only $6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 224 Allen Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

MAKE $35 TO $60 PER WEEK, SELL GUARanteed raincoats, men or women, big side line or exclusive line, new proposition, big demand made to measure coats, all prices, all styles, no experience required, exclusive agency, free samples and coat to workers. Rainproof Coat Co., 42 Grant Street, Findlay, Ohio.

AGENTS: EARN BIG COMMISSIONS SELLing $20.00 value made to measure suits for $12.50 retail. Satisfaction guaranteed. No experience necessary. Fall Line. Chicago Woolen Mills, Dept. 50, 833 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs. $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 116 in 4 days. Profit $5[illegible] [illegible] Write for sample [illegible] plan, exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid, 98c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women $30 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories," home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

PORTRAIT AGENTS SEND FOR OUR large catalog. 16x20 frames 14c up. Portraits at 35c. Samples free. Credit given. Address Friedman Mfg. Co., Box 120, Martinsburg, Mo.

1916's SENSATION! 11-PIECE TOILET ARticle set selling like blazes at $1, with $1 carving set free! Whirlwind stunt! Newcome made $18 one day! Write M. Pierce Co., 905 Lake St., Chicago.

AGENTS—500% PROFIT; GOLD AND SILver sign letters for store and office windows. Any one can put on. Write today for free sample. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPREsentatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

BIG PAY—AGENTS NOT EARNING $100 monthly should write the largest manufacturers of transparent handled knives and razors in the world. We will show you how. Novelty Cutlery Co., 123 Bar St., Canton, O.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. [illegible] Dept 21, St. Louis, Mo

HUSTLERS—$20 TO $30 MADE WEEKLY distributing circulars, samples, tacking signs, etc. Advertisers National Agency, Dept. B 108, Chicago.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and store keepers supplied.

HELP WANTED

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

$250 FOR RELIABLE MAN OR WOMAN; distribute 2,000 free pkgs. Borax Powder with Soaps, etc., in your town. No money or experience needed. B. W. Ward Co., 218 Institute, Chicago.

LADY OR GENTLEMAN TO TRAVEL FOR old-established firm. No canvassing. Staple line. $18. weekly, pursuant to contract. Expenses advanced. G. K. Nichols, Philadelphia. F Pepper Bldg

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS ARE EASY TO [illegible] my free book FG tells how; write today [illegible] Earl Hopkins, 1034 Marden Building [illegible]

DOLLAR PER NAME ANNUALLY, PART time, both sexes, continuing income, census your locality. Inclose stamp. H. R. von Dorster, Catawissa, Pa.

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED $75.00 month. List Government [illegible] Franklin Institute, Dep't N710, Rochester, N. Y.

WE PAY 25c EACH FOR FARMERS' names. Send dime for contract. Sun, Leroy, Mich.

CHAUFFEURS GET $18 WEEK. LEARN while earning. Write for sample lessons Franklin Institute, Dept. N810, Rochester, N. Y.

$25.00 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES and addresses. Send stamp. Superba Co., W 52, Baltimore, Md.

HELP WANTED—Male and Female

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS CLERKS—Men and Women, 18 or over, $75.00 month. List of positions now obtainable—free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dep't N30 Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

NO STRIKE—HONEST, SOBER MEN EVerywhere for firemen, brakemen, baggagemen; $120 monthly. Promotion. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

FREE NATIONAL LEAGUE $1.25 BASEball and batting instructions to boys between 12 and 25 years old. Write American National Baseball Syndicate, Dept. P, St. Louis, Mo.

BE AN AUTOMOBILE EXPERT IN SIX weeks. Our big book tells you how. Automobile Training School, 1052 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED: A BUSINESS MANAGER FOR this county. Position worth $200.00 per month. United Ford Starter, Ford Bldg., Detroit.

I WILL START YOU EARNING $4 DAILY at home, silvering mirrors; free instructive booklet. G. F. Redmond, Dept. 400, Boston, Mass.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS—THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

A RARE OPPORTUNITY; COMFORTABLE living; home sewing; plain cloth seams. Any sewing machine. Steady. No canvassing. No triflers wanted. Samples 10c. Returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Jobbers' Sewing, BL7, Rehoboth, Del.

FREE TO ANY WOMAN, BEAUTIFUL 42-piece gold decorated dinner set for distributing only 3 doz. free cakes of Complexion Soap. No money or experience needed. B. W. Tyrrell Ward, 218 Institute Place, Chicago.

LADIES—MAKE SHIELDS AT HOME, $10 per 100; no canvassing required. Send stamped addressed envelope for particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Mich.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

WOMEN TO SEW; MATERIAL PREPAID to your house. Plain sewing. No canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Phila., Pa.

LADY SEWERS WANTED—PLAIN SEAMS. Particulars. Sample, 10c. A. & O. Supply Company, Ashland, Wis.

REAL ESTATE

A SMALL FARM IN CALIFORNIA WILL make you more money with less work. You I live longer and better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools and churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, AT&SF Ry., 1931 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$50.00—NIGHTLY—START IN THE MOVing picture business on our installment plan. No experience necessary. Free catalog. Monarch Film Service, Dept. C, Memphis, Tenn.

$50.00—NIGHTLY—START IN THE MOVing Picture business on our installment plan. No experience necessary. Free catalog. Moving Picture Sales Company, Dept. A, 540 Plymouth Place, Chicago.

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog Free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

AUTOMOBILES AND ACCESSORIES

BIG NEW LIST OF USED MOTORCYCLES, the best bargains we have ever offered. Over one hundred splendid machines, all makes, all guaranteed, specially priced from $30.00 up. Write today for your copy—means money saved. Western Supplies Co., 1448 Larimer St., Denver, Colo.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

NEW FORTUNE MAKER—SOMETHING entirely new. $25.00 may make you immensely rich. Others made a fortune last year—why not you. Send no money—just your name and address and get literature and book that tells the whole story—everything absolutely free. Write now before too late. Thomasson, Shannon & Co., 1108 Gas and Electric Bldg., Denver, Colo.

INVEST $10.00—MAY MAKE A FORTUNE. Oil is making millions for investors in Great Southern Oil Fields where single wells have produced upward of $15,000.00 daily. Small monthly payments secures big interest with us in oil properties where we plan to drill many wells. Write for literature. Great Southern Oil Association, 900 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

OIL. $10 INVESTED WITH US HAS made others $[illegible] in less than six months. Let us send you our magazine, "Profitable Investments," six months free, which tells how to make your money make you independent. The Hoffman Company, 407 Fannin Street, Houston, Texas.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS. MAKE $25.00 TO $50.00 a week with a Daydark Post Card Machine. Work at fairs, picnics, home, everywhere. No experience needed. Make money the day outfit arrives. Small investment 500% profits. Write free trial offer and big catalog. Daydark Specialty Co., Desk 43, St. Louis, Mo.

MEN AND WOMEN—$3.00 DAILY; SPARE time at home, no canvassing, success guaranteed. Write today. Hiram Barton, 314 West 48 St., New York

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5.00 MONTHLY buys 40 acres good land, near town, price $200. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS, SHORT STORIES, poems; $100 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 344 Cincinnati.

BOOKS FOR SALE

YOU SHOULD READ "AMERICA FIRST," or Clear Thinking on American Problems. Only 10 cents. P. Henry, 2027 Lane Ct., Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description, or model of your invention. My patent sales service gets full value. 1916 Edition ninety-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 260 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, ETC.

SEND US YOUR IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, Stories, etc. We accept them in any form—correct Free—sell on commission. Big rewards! Make money. Get details now. Writer's Selling Service, 16 S. Main, Auburn, N. Y.

FARMS WANTED

FARMS WANTED—HAVE 4,000 BUYERS; describe your unsold property. 504 Farmers Exchange, Denver, Colo

PERSONAL

HAVE SWEETHEARTS EVERYWHERE. Receive letters from everyplace. Membership 10c. Hoosier Club, Terre Haute, Indiana.

"NIGHT IN A MOORISH HAREM." INteresting man's story. 10c. Pendergast, Terre Haute, Indiana

10,000 LADIES WISH TO CORRESPOND with you. Membership 10c. Curtis Club, Terre Haute, Ind.

"FRENCH SECRETS" (FOR MEN) AND other interesting literature. 10c. Pendergast, (A-6), Terre Haute, Indiana.

"BRIDE'S CONFESSION," AND OTHER INteresting literature for men. 10c. Pendergast, (A-8), Terre Haute, Indiana.

PERSONAL—CONTINUED

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

BIRTH CONTROL—FEWER AND BETTER babies should be the aim of every married couple—the time of appearance and sex of child absolutely under control of parents. Private sex lessons of a physician explains all. Send stamp for descriptive circular. Address The Advance Book Co., Robinson, N. Dak.

LET ME READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. H. G. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York City.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE THE SPECIAList will obtain his latest book on symptoms and cure of varicocele, stricture and urinary diseases. Every man should have it; postage 4 cts. Send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

LADIES—WHEN DELAYED OR IRREGUlar, use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Not sold at drug stores. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"SEPTEMBER MOURNING," A WONDERful burlesque of that famous picture. Size 11x14 inches; worth 25c, our price only 10c. Magazine free. Chicago Supply House, 7156 Normal Ave., Chicago.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; REmember we Cure chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

USE OXOCIDE, DRUGLESS TREATMENT, guaranteed for all forms of blood and skin disorders, old sores, ulcers and blood poisoning in general. Write for advice free. H. Albertine, Box 1685, Denver, Colo.

MARRY RICH. BE HAPPY AND PROSPERous. Big list of descriptions and photos of congenial people with means free. Sealed, confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 607, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

LOVINE SACHET NEVER FAILS. REAL thing guaranteed. $1.75 outfit, both sexes, sachet and secrets 20 cts. Union Co., Palatine, Ill.

RENEW THE POWERS OF YOUTH, "THE Pill That Will," gives you Vim, Vigor and Vitality. $1.00 per box. Custar Drug Co., Custar, Ohio.

CHANCE TO WIN $25.00 CASH FREE—NO work. Send 25c for puzzle. Particulars inclosed. Fraser Novelty Co., Box 11, Fraser, Michigan.

"LOVER'S PERFUME POWDER." DOUBLE strength and guaranteed. Sent prepaid with secret and full directions, only 20c coin. Scientific Extract Co., Akron, Ohio

ARE YOU SUCCESSFUL? LUCK BRINGS success. Send 25c, stating birthday, for Lucky Talisman. Reynolds, 711[illegible] University Ave., Chicago.

SANITO COTS, PURE RUBBER, THREE sizes, one for 25c, 3-50c, 7-$1.00. BL. Rex Specialty Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN CORRESPOND—Big list, 10c silver. Capital League, Box 1539-B, Washington, D. C.

"I'M READY," FASCINATING PICTURE, 3x5, kind men like (10c silver). Pick, Box 254C, Griffin, Ga.

READ "FRENCH CREOLE," 25C. FOUR pleasing poses 10c. Catalog 2c. Duff, 2713 Mozart, Chicago.

OLDEST, LARGEST CLUB, 60,000 MEMbers, free. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, California.

MARRIAGE PAPER—HIGHEST CHARACter; paper sealed; send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1616, Denver, Colo

FORTY-EIGHT HIGH-KICKING GIRLS. Sensational dancing, etc., 10c. R. Glass, 4-G, Latrobe, Pa.

LADIES, TAKE COTTON ROOT TABLETS, monthly regulator. $1.00. Radium Mfg. [illegible] K., St. Louis, Mo.

FASCINATING, REAL PHOTOGRAPHS. Female loveliness. Can't describe her. Samples 10c. B. Weber, Jasonville, Indiana.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Mailed Free. The Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

FUTURE AND PAST TOLD. SEND 10c and birth date. James Smith, 326 Madison St., Chicago.

GET MARRIED; LARGE, HANDSOMELY illustrated matrimonial magazine mailed free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRY. WOULD YOU MARRY A NICE lady worth $20,000? Mrs. [illegible], 241 N. [illegible]

"SUZETTE," INTERESTING, MORAL, [illegible] Terre [illegible]

FUTURE TOLD—10c BIRTHDATE. FLORence Edwards, Hearst Bldg., [illegible]

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1886, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for 1,250,000 circulation in the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

1,250,000
COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS.

A used tool acquires but little rust.

Never fool with a fool; he may fool you.

A lazy man is a dead one who can't be buried.

Wise is he who has the cage ready for the bird.

A short answer frequently helps to start something.

Old age commands respect—except in jests and poultry.

If you can get a horse at a bargain—drive the bargain.

Love makes a fool of many a man who was considered wise.

The smaller the hole a man gets into the louder he howls.

You can't gain admission to a man's confidence by knocking.

The worst man is sometimes capable of giving the best advice.

Men whose only books are women's looks are students of folly.

A man may be able to deceive his own wife, but not his father's wife.

Hot air is the motive power that operates the human talking machine.

Women have never been able to find a successful way of keeping secrets.

Polish is not necessary to enable a man to shine in society—if he has the coin.

Some people are willing to be good if paid for it, and others are good for nothing.

You may have a way of your own, but you will not always have your own way.

Alas for the intellect when the understanding is limited only by the size of the feet!

A woman's mind is nearly always on dress—which may explain the frequent changes of both.

Perhaps the best hand a man can hold in the game of life is the hand of some good woman.

If you want anything done well, do it yourself. That is why most people laugh at their own jokes.

The chronic borrower has one redeeming feature, at least he never strikes a man that is down.

It is a wonder that some of Cupid's victims haven't turned and put him out of the running long ago.

An opportunity is frequently run to earth by a hustler while a lazy man is sitting on the fence waiting for it to come along.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Ribbon lacing is a great feature on gardening smocks.

Nothing can be more charming than the bodice of tulle, worn with a street suit.

There is such a wide divergence in sleeves that one can wear any length, from the short sleeves above the elbow to those that hide the fingers.

Fine linen collars in the natural creamy tan shade are a smart feature for wear with tailor-made suits in navy blue. Another novelty in separate collars is a new French gray shade. The chief value of this lies in its neutrality of tone.

While alpaca has been used for suits and traveling coats lately to some extent, it has never been utilized in millinery, so it remained for some clever person to fashion an adorable little turban in white alpaca. This particular chapeau had two bands of rose faille ribbon that tied in smart little bows in the back.

Velvet ribbon, which has not been used to any extent on dresses for some years past, is evidently coming into its own again. One of the newest models is an afternoon frock of taffeta trimmed with vertical bands of narrow velvet ribbon, placed both on bodice and skirt in graduated lengths. The skirt was very full and hung in four deep points, the velvet ribbon being zigzagged accordingly. The waist, which was cut surplice effect and formed a pointed bodice in front, was trimmed with strips of the velvet ribbon in such a way as to give the effect of a double-pointed girdle. A graduated flounce ruffle, just below the dropped shoulder, carried out the popular cape effect. The frock was a soft grayish beige in color, the velvet ribbon a delicate pastel blue.

❧

RECIPES.

STRAWBERRY PARFAIT—For strawberry parfaits press sweet, ripe berries thru a sieve to measure about three-quarters of a cupful of pulp. Cook together, without stirring, until it forms a thread, a cupful of granulated sugar and half as much water. Pour this sirup over the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, beating constantly as you pour. Beat until cold, adding the strawberry pulp a spoonful at a time. Then fold in a pint of cream, whipped stiff, and pack the mixture in a covered mold. Pack away in salt and ice for three hours.

CURRIED CHICKEN — For curried chicken prepare one large frying chicken by jointing it in the usual way. Put two ounces of butter into the frying pan and add three sliced onions, one chopped apple and the chicken. Fry all a delicate brown, then add one pint of white stock in which a dessertspoonful of curry powdered and a tablespoonful of flour have been blended. Let all simmer for half an hour, remove from the fire and add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and four tablespoonfuls of cream. Serve on a hot platter with boiled rice heaped in the center, the chicken arranged around it and the gravy poured over all.

CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN—Remove all the green stalks and brown spots; soak the cauliflower head down in cold, salted water half an hour. Cook in boiling water twenty minutes; cut off the tender flowerets and put them aside. Cut the stalks in small pieces, put them in a shallow baking dish, sprinkle with salt, pepper, grated cheese and buttered cracker crumbs, then put in the flowerets, another sprinkling of cheese and seasoning, pour on milk to moisten, cover with a thin layer of buttered cracker crumbs and bake until brown.

■

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

When broiling chickens, lay them skin side up.

Ink stains can be removed from goods by covering the spot with salt; squeeze lemon juice over this, and let dry in the hottest sunshine.

When washing blouses or handkerchiefs put a small lump of orris root in the rinse water. It gives a perfume of violets which is as lasting as a sachet placed among the clothes.

To remove paint from glass, wet the spot with strong liquid ammonia, being careful not to let the ammonia run down on the window paint or varnish. After two or three applications scrape gently with a piece of soft wood, then rub with a paper wet with ammonia.

❧

NEEDLEWORK.

The blue-and-white Japanese toweling is fresh-looking and equally serviceable for summer table covers. The blue-and-white or red-and-white barred linen toweling, when finished with a white cotton fringe, makes smart covers for wicker tables when out-of-door teas and luncheons are served.

Lace may be hemstitched to linen in the following way: Draw a thread about one-eighth of an inch from the edge of the linen and roll a hem to the drawn thread. Then baste the lace in place on the rolled hem and pull the desired number of threads. The hemstitching proceeds in the usual way, the stitches being taken thru the rolled hem and lace. It requires a certain deftness to accomplish this means of applying lace to a straight edge, but when the knack has been acquired it is impossible to detect the stitches.

❧

HEALTH NOTES.

Don't be content to live in a room which has the same appearance year in and year out. A change of articles, coverings and draperies will have a wonderful effect on the room as well as yourself.

Since physicians have extolled the wholesome virtues of buttermilk, surprising quantities are consumed every day by healthy people who enjoy it as a beverage, and by those suffering from various organic disorders.

Every woman should own a little glass eye cup with which to apply washes to the eye. A little powdered boracic acid, dissolved in water to which a little rose water is added, makes an ideal eyewash. It will relieve strained and tired eyes and will impart a natural brightness to them.

One of the latest things for the nervous woman who is trying to reduce her fractious nerves is the bran bath just before retiring at night. This not only has a soothing effect, but incidentally softens and whitens the skin. To make the bath buy ordinary bran at a feed store and keep it in a tin box away from mice. Make a bag of cheesecloth from twelve to eighteen inches square and stuff it with bran until about as full as a pine pillow. This bag is put in a bathtub half filled with warm water and squeezed until the water is brown and bubbly. It is not well to remain in the water longer than five or six minutes and, if possible, the bather should rest ten minutes and then be massaged. If there is no one to do the massaging, one can rub the body thoroly with a rough towel and knead it with the hands.

❧

LAUNDRY HINTS.

A fruit stain on the best linen is a problem which many housewives find difficult to solve. There is a very good remedy in a paste made of soda and water, which when rubbed on the spot will restore the garment to its original color. If the spot is particularly stubborn hold it over a steaming kettle or allow the boiling water to run thru it and it will quite disappear.

Often a careless maid will insist upon washing white and colored clothes together, much to the peril of the white garments. If the latter are injured by their contact with color, by boiling in a soapy water, to which a cupful of vinegar has been added, they should become white again.

A simple way to set colors in washable goods is by soaking them previous to washing in water to which a little oxgall has been added. Almost a teaspoonful of oxgall to a gallon of water should be used.

Delicately colored socks and stockings are apt to fade in washing. If they are soaked for a night in a pail containing turpentine, then wrung out and dried, the colors will be set and they can afterward be washed without fading.

To remove troublesome spots from a garment try the yolk of an egg before washing. This is effective and not at all injurious to perishable colors.

Do not dry a silk garment after washing; instead roll it up in a clean white cloth for about half an hour and iron it while damp.

❧

WASHING SWEATERS.

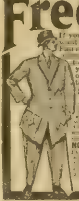
"When I washed my fine white sweater it shrank so that I was scarcely able to get it on," said a young housewife the other day. "The bottom dried in ripples and the pockets stretched to twice their size. Next time I stitched the pockets in place before wetting. I prepared a lukewarm suds of white soap and carefully washed the sweater in this, afterward rinsing it several times. Then I squeezed it dry. Over my dressmakers' form I pinned a sheet and put the sweater on the form, patting into shape and stuffing each arm with a rolled bath towel. When dry it was as large as when new and fitted me even better."

❧

IRON DOORSTOPS.

Doorstops have achieved popularity. They are ornamental and fill a practical need at the same time. They are made of iron with enameled decorations in bright, gay colors. Some are in the form of figures and others are baskets of fruit and baskets of flowers. Still others are made of flat pieces of wood with large bunches of flowers painted on them and have the iron weights attached to the back. These any girl with a knack at painting can make at home.

Fall 1916 Suit Free A WONDERFUL amazing OFFER



[illegible] FREE. [illegible] your friends and take a few orders for our high grade, Made-to-Measure Clothes.

$25 EXTRA A WEEK AND YOUR OWN CLOTHES FREE

[illegible] good to you for a little [illegible] Write at once [illegible]

NOTHING LIKE IT EVER OFFERED

[illegible] Ours is a new and better [illegible] to at once, be the first to [illegible] to get this FREE suit.

SPENCER MEAD COMPANY
Dept. 1102 CHICAGO

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy, Swelling of feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements furnished.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets [illegible] by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day.

Painful Swollen Veins Quickly Relieved

Mrs. R. M. Remler, of Federal, Kansas, writes an interesting account of her success in [illegible] a severe case of enlarged veins [illegible] The large lumps in the veins left, it was all [illegible] healed and has not bothered me since. [illegible] Special Varicose Vein Circular [illegible] request. Liberal trial bottle postpaid for 10c in stamps.
W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 337 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., Parnassus, Pa.

Gallstones Bad Stomach

[illegible] Gall-Tone—our Home Remedy [illegible] Send for Liver-Gall Medical Book FREE
Gallstone Remedy Co., Dept. B30, 219 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

10 K
GOLD FILLED

Great Special Bargain

[illegible] with only 20c [illegible]
Arden Watch Co., Dept. 551, Chicago

Secrets of Love Making, OR THE ART OF WOOING, WINNING AND WEDDING.

[illegible] STAR BOOK CO HURLEYVILLE N Y

LADIES, $1000! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Compound." Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal affections in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50. Double Strength, $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. [illegible] Dr. [illegible] Southington Remedy Co., [illegible] Kansas City, Mo.

"ROUGH ON RATS" [illegible] RATS, MICE, [illegible] Unbeatable Exterminator at Drug [illegible] Economy Size 25c. or 15c. Used the [illegible] Rough on Rats Never Fails. Refuse ALL Substitutes.

CARDS Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties. Catalog Free. B. L. SMYTHE CO., NEWARK, MO.

BOYS JOIN THE LONE SCOUTS

FREE A big new boys' organization based on real boy life [illegible] Indian totem [illegible] ever started for boys [illegible] LONE SCOUT. [illegible]

PUBLISHER, LONE SCOUT,
509 North Dearborn Street Chicago

Motorcycle Mark

Or, Rivals of the Wheel

By Jasper Merriweather

[Copyright 1916 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 29, July 15. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT'S the stop for, Mark? I saw you give the sign to slow up, and then another to tell me you meant to stop; so I got wise and held in my horses. Now, tell me if you've found anything wrong with your gear; or has the road map gone back on us so soon?"

When Bantam said this they had been booming along for all of an hour, and had left the home town many miles behind. Things had seemed to be working as smoothly as heart could wish, and hence the stout boy could not understand why Mark had called this sudden halt.

They had passed an occasional vehicle on the road, and always did the right thing, honking well in advance, as well as slowing down in giving half the road and more. Were all who rode these mile-a-minute wheels as careful about the rights of others whom they met as Mark and his chum, few complaints could arise from farmers. But the fact is that many young fellows seem to have an idea the country roads are to be used as race courses; and as a consequence the rat-tat-tat of a motorcycle is apt to jar upon the ears of most people who drive horses.

Mark, upon dismounting, had drawn alongside the road, so that his machine would not block it should anything come along; and Bantam, seeing this, took a pointer, doing likewise.

As Mark was bending over with the air of one who might be adjusting some loose bolt or nut, or investigating some squeak that offended his critical ear, it was only natural for his chum to fancy that the stop might have been for the purpose of locating anticipated trouble. Judge of his surprise, however, when the other went on to remark:

"The map is all right so far, Bantam; and I can't say there's the least thing the matter with my wheel. I stopped just to make a test, that's all."

"Do you mean you wanted to see whether I was on deck, and had the signals down pat; is that it, Mark?" demanded the stout boy, as tho puzzled.

"I wasn't thinking of you at all, Bantam," came the reply.

"Then what's the answer?" continued the other.

"It doesn't seem to show up, and that begins to look suspicious, I should say," Mark muttered, as he raised his head far enough above the saddle of his wheel to allow him to take a sweeping survey down the road.

"Eh? What's worrying you now, Mark?" stammered Bantam, also turning.

"Hold on, don't make out to be interested in that quarter," his chum hastened to tell him; "they might be looking, and notice how you stared!"

"Well, I'm staring at you, all right, now," said the other; "and wondering if you've gone daffy all of a sudden. Why, don't you see I'm all balled up, Mark, tryin' to drag something out of the air when it don't seem as if anything was there? Now suppose you take pity on me and open up. Who might be looking this way?"

TO LIVE LONG!

A recipe given by a famous physician for long life was: "Keep the kidneys in good order! Try to eliminate thru the skin and intestines the poisons that otherwise clog the kidneys. Avoid eating meat as much as possible; avoid too much salt, alcohol, tea. Try a milk and vegetable diet. Drink plenty of water, and exercise so you sweat—the skin helps to eliminate the toxic poisons and uric acid."

For those past middle life, for those easily recognized symptoms of inflammation, as backache, scalding "water," or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, "rusty" joints, stiffness, get "Anuric" at the drug store. This is a wonderful eliminator of uric acid and was discovered by Dr. Pierce of Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. If your druggist does not keep it send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce for trial package and you will know that it is thirty-seven times more potent than lithia and that it dissolves uric acid as hot water does sugar.

"The people in the red racing car," replied Mark, calmly.

"What red car, Mark?"

"Why, one that has been following behind us for some time now," came the reply.

"You don't mean to tell me that we've been pursued, and my machine making so much fuss and noise that I never dreamed of such a thing? But I don't glimpse any kind of a car—red, blue, or yellow—back there," and while speaking Bantam managed to take a look, without appearing to do so, which was rather clever work for him.

"No, it's certainly stopped short, and that tells the story," his chum went on to say. "You see, I picked out this place on purpose, to pull up as if I had some work to do on my engine, because they could see us as plain as anything. I knew that if they were just ordinary folks out for a ride, they'd come right along, and pass us by; and that if, on the other hand, they were following us, the chances were they'd stop, not wanting us to see them at close quarters. Well, you don't notice any red racing car booming along, do you? That seems to settle it."

"Whee! this is growing exciting already, ain't it, Mark? Why, we hardly get started on our job before we make a discovery, and learn that a mysterious red car is dodging after us. Now, who d'ye reckon could be in that same auto?"

"I might guess a dozen times, and then not hit the truth; but all the same I'm going to find out, sooner or later," Mark told him.

"But if they've got an interest in us it must mean they're connected with the company that's competing with my maw for possession of those papers; or rather that's got such a big deal on, trying to keep her from getting the same by next Thursday noon."

"Chances are they'll turn out to be some people we know," Mark admitted. "I wouldn't be much surprised if we found that old Clifford himself was one of the persons in that car. When I looked back at you once or twice I thought I could pick out his dumpy figure on the front seat with the chauffeur; but he lowered his head every time, as if he didn't want to take any chance of being recognized. And it was that very thing made me suspicious, before I noticed how they graded their speed with ours, so as always to keep just so far behind."

"Well, I reckon we don't want that bunch trailing after us all the way, and only waitin' till we get the papers to jump on us, and do something that'll delay us, eh, Mark?"

The other chuckled at hearing this.

"No more we don't," he replied; "and if we can manage it, we're going to lose that red car before very long."

"Then you've got a plan already, haven't you?" Bantam asked.

"I was trying to remember what the road map said about the country ahead; and while we halt here I guess I ought to take a squint at the same, with my wheel to hide me from anybody seeing what I'm doing," and with that Mark quickly took out the little convenient chart which he had purchased some time before while planning various rides with Bantam.

Meanwhile the shorter boy was trying the best he knew how to look back along the road, without appearing to show any particular curiosity. His manner of doing this was to appear very much interested in the treetops around them, and point up here and there, as tho he might have the deepest sort of interest in songbirds that come up from the South with the advent of spring, and make the woods of central New York joyous with their sweet warbling.

"Mark," he presently called out softly, "I've managed to glimpse the red racing car, all right, and without letting on that I was lookin' that way, too."

"Yes, and I reckon it's stalled about behind that bunch of alders that grow on the side of the road where the little stream runs. How about that, Bantam?"

"You hit the target plumb center that time, Mark, because that's just where it is, right now; and say, I could even see several heads bobbing up over the top of the bushes that screen most all the car."

"Sure thing," ventured Mark; "because they're interested in seeing when we start on again. Well, I've figured it all out, Bantam."

"You mean you can see where we drop these troublesome neighbors; is that it?" demanded the other, eagerly.

"If things work right," said Mark, impressively, "we'll do that same, and in a way that's going to make the bunch sit up and rub their eyes; because we'll seem to disappear like the ground's opened and swallowed us up."

"Oh! I hope nothing like that'll really happen, Mark!" ejaculated the stout boy. "Things like earthquakes and volcanoes explodin' always gave me a cold shiver, even to read about the same in school; and I wouldn't like to think it'd be my fate to get swallowed up, even by a whale, like Jonah. But I guess you didn't mean that was goin' to happen to us, only they'd believe it had?"

"That's the ticket, Bantam. You leave it to me, and I reckon I'll fix things all right."

"Think what would have happened to me if I'd ever come on this trip alone!" remarked Bantam, with a look of complete satisfaction on his face; "and I tell you, it pays to have a chum that knows it all."

"That's going to be enough for you, Bantam; no more of the soft soap business. I do my best, but there's a heap I don't know, tho I keep on learning all the time. But now that I've got my little scheme fixed up, p'raps we'd better be moving on once more."

"Hurrah! me for the saddle again; and Mark, don't you think I'm getting along pretty fair for a greenhorn?"

"I'm not throwing bouquets at you, Bantam, because something would be sure to happen right away if you didn't touch wood. But you're doing all right, and I only hope it keeps up that way. Now, hold on till I get started, and then follow me. I want to give you fair warning that if the road turns out to be good, we're going to only hit the high places for a matter of eight or ten miles."

"Do you mean you're going to let her out for all she's worth?" asked the other.

"That's the ticket," came the answer; "and keep your eyes about you while we hit up the pace, because an accident would be a bad job. Ready to start?"

"Yes; get a move on, Mark, and trust me to be mighty careful."

So the pilot of the expedition jumped into his saddle, and at the same time his engine started operations, so that the motorcycle immediately plunged off along the good road, with a lively clatter, as the exhaust became busy.

Ten seconds afterward, and there was a second series of sharp explosions, announcing that Bantam had also started on, which action no doubt would serve as a signal to the unknown parties in the concealed red car to start once more to trailing the two motorcycle boys.

But they were going to have their work cut out for them from now on, because it was indeed a mile-a-minute clip that Mark tore off, with his chum following close in his rear; up hill and down they fairly flew in a cloud of dust; and it must needs be a remarkably clever make even of a racing car that could maintain anything like that reckless speed.

Mark felt positive that as the miles flew past their pursuers must be falling more and more behind, tho possibly persistently following in their wake. Having laid out his plans, he believed there would be ample time to carry them out, once they reached the place shown on the map, where the road forked.

It was a thrilling dash, all right, for a fellow like Bantam, who had never gone so fast in all his life. He clung to his saddle, with every nerve on edge, no doubt, as he watched the road ahead, and tried to remember all the injunctions his companion had ever given him.

What sort of country they passed thru he did not know. Swamps and meadows and woodland were all alike to Bantam, as he sat there, like a huge frog, perched on the back of the spinning, flashing meteor that covered ground at a miraculous pace, and turned bends with but slight moderation of speed, only to start out again when safely around.

It all seemed more in the way of a nightmare to Bantam than an actual reality; but to his credit be it said that he managed his wild steed with a skill that he was always afterward proud to tell about, and nothing in the shape of an accident turned up to spoil that mad dash.

Then, all of a sudden, he saw that Mark was holding up his hand in a certain way. This he knew meant that the pilot was about to slacken speed, possibly in preparation for a halt. Bantam drew the first long breath of relief that he had dared take in since the start was made, fully a dozen miles back there.

And so the pace dropped to a reasonable one; and when Mark gave a second wave of his arm the other knew they were to halt. He saw his chum drop off his machine right there in the middle of the road; and watching his chance Bantam managed to follow suit, finding himself within five paces of where Mark stood.

CHAPTER X.

LIFT your machine up, and carry it into the shelter of the woods here; and be as quick as you can!" was what Mark exclaimed, suiting his actions to his words.

Now Bantam was a very stout fellow, and capable of standing up under pretty weighty burdens, but he had all he wanted to do in carrying that heavy motorcycle two dozen feet, from the middle of the road into the screen of bushes that grew under the neighboring trees. To his surprise, instead of even leaning his motorcycle against a tree, Mark let it drop on one side.

"Do the same, and then wait here for me!" was what he flung over his shoulder as he hurriedly leaped back to the road again.

The surprised and interested Bantam saw him bending down, and so far as he could tell, Mark seemed to be brushing out the imprint of their feet, where they had left the dust of the road and passed into the cool retreat amidst the sheltering bushes. Then all at once it burst upon the rather slow-acting mind of the stout chum what it all meant. Mark intended that the red car should go booming past, with its occupants densely ignorant concerning the fact that the two boys had abandoned the road.

"Ain't he the smart one, tho?" Bantam kept saying proudly to himself, while his admiring eyes followed every quick movement of his chum.

But apparently Mark did not believe he could put in any more time covering up the tracks they had left, for he was now moving backward, wiping out each impression of his shoes as made. In this fashion, then, did he break into the shelter of the bushes once more, and cuddle down alongside his friend.

"They're coming, all right, Bantam!" he whispered.

"Then you could hear their car; while I'm so deaf from the racket my wheel kept up I couldn't get the first sound?" the other asked.

"Yes, lie low now. Don't talk, but watch! And Bantam, fix yourself so that you can see thru the bushes without having to so much as move an inch; because it would be that'd give us away, if anything did."

Accordingly, both boys crouched there and waited, Bantam almost holding his very breath with suspense and eagerness.

There was soon heard the sound of a rapidly driven car; and it came from the road over which they had lately passed. Mark pressed the arm of his chum, as if

Glorious, Bubbling Vitality

Do you know, my friend, that the possession of a real, big, vigorous, healthy, vital nature means more today than it ever meant before in the history of the entire world? Look about you and decide this question for yourself. There is no doubt about it, our present-day standard of efficiency is forcing the weakling to stand aside, while robust, buoyant health and vigor ever asserts itself and forges to the front, reaping for itself an abundant harvest of happiness, health and prosperity. Very few of the ills people complain of are actually due to disease. They are caused by a lowering of the vital forces of the body, brought about in one way or another, which could easily be corrected.

To attain this end much can be done by the individual himself, but nature also needs assistance. We manufacture a little article which has proved a great aid to thousands of people so oppressed. It is called Electric Herculex. You wear it comfortably around your waist nights. That is all there is to it. The gentle flow of electro-galvanic force which it produces flows into the body while you sleep. Thousands of these effective little devices have been successfully used in all parts of the country, and so confident are we of what it will do that we guarantee satisfaction in every case. You ought really to investigate it.

Let Us Send You Our Free Book

We distribute free to interested people everywhere a very attractive book, telling about the whole wonderful subject of electricity, and the part it plays in the world's progress today. It also describes and pictures the Herculex, telling what it is good for, and gives the experience of people in all parts of the country who have used it. Write for the book today. It may mean the beginning of a bigger, better life for you, and a happier and healthier vitality. Address, The Herculex Co. (Dept. W.), 1416 Broadway, New York.

ASTHMA & HAY FEVER Treatment sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send $1, if not don't. Give express office. Write today. Address W. K. STERLINE, 836 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

TAPE-WORM Expelled alive in 60 minutes with head, or no fee. No fasting. 64 page Book for 2c stamp. DR M. NEY SMITH, Specialist, [illegible] St., St Louis, Mo

FAT Reduce your weight by a simple method. Full Particulars, etc., mailed FREE in a sealed package to any address. Hall Chem Co., Dept A15 St Louis, Mo.

BE A DETECTIVE Earn from $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. LUDWIG, 120 Westover Building, Kansas City, Mo.

to warn him again not to move in the least degree while the car was flitting past.

It fairly shot by their place of concealment; and yet, by using their eyes to good advantage, the boys were able to see who occupied the automobile that seemed to be pursuing them so strangely.

"Good-by, Mr. Clifford, and here's hoping you keep going like that for the next twenty miles or more!" said the excited Bantam, waving his hand derisively after the cloud of dust that alone remained to tell of the rapid flight of the mysterious red touring car.

"Then you recognized him, too, did you?" asked Mark, evidently pleased to know that the other had made such good use of his eyes.

"Sure thing," replied Bantam; "he was squatting there like a toad, gripping the side like he might be half scared to death. That car was whooping her up some, let me tell you, and a-swinging from one side of the road to the other, too. Wow, what if a tire flew off, wouldn't they have a bad squash, tho? Might kill the whole bunch, and that would be pretty tough. No, I don't wish for anything as bad as that to happen; tho if they could be dumped into a swamp hole I'd try and bear it."

"But come on, and get hold of your machine. The woods seem open back here, and I reckon we might be able to push along till we strike the crossroad, which can't be far away. We passed it just when I threw up my hand first, you know."

"Oh! now I'm beginning to get on to what you're meaning to do, Mark!" exclaimed the shorter boy, as he bravely pushed with all his might, in order to induce his weighty machine to trundle along thru the open woods, following close behind his chum.

"And don't think that they're going to push on for twenty miles, or even five, without getting wise to the fact that we've given them the jump, some way or other," Mark went on to warn the other.

"But how could they tell, since we were so far ahead all the time?" asked Bantam.

"Well, for one way they might notice that they failed to see any sign of dust rising ahead; that would make them suspicious, of course, Bantam."

"Just what it would," admitted the other.

"Then they might meet up with some farmer coming the other way, and stop to ask if he'd seen two boys on wheels hitting up a high-gear speed; and when he said he hadn't, they'd tumble to the game."

"Sure thing; and Mark, once they got suspicious, don't you think they'd be apt to jump out and look for signs of our tire marks in the dust? There, I thought that up all by *myself*, you know."

"And it's all right, too, Bantam, believe me, for that's just what they'd be apt to do. I know I would if I was in that same red car, and wanting to know whether two motorcycles had gone on ahead."

Bantam pretended to crow softly, as tho [illegible] tickled over the fact that he had actually proved equal to the task of "thinking" for once.

A few minutes later, and he heard his comrade give utterance to an exclamation.

"What is it, Mark?" he asked, hastily, glancing around as tho half afraid he might discover that hateful old red car pressing thru the woods on their heels.

"The road's right ahead of us now," replied his chum.

"Oh! good for that, because my poor back's near broke, shovin' this elephant over ruts and logs and stones; and mebbe I won't be happy once more to feel the saddle under me," observed Bantam, now straining his eyes in the endeavor to locate the signs that had been so apparent to his companion.

They soon arrived at the road that branched off from the one they had been following all the while the red car chased after them. Possibly the men had slowed down a bit when they came to the forks, in order to mark whether the plain imprints of the tires of the fleeing motorcycles could be seen ahead; and having discovered them they had kept on, satisfied that their quarry could not have turned aside, and little suspecting the clever trick Mark had pulled off.

"Now, here we go again," remarked the leader, as he prepared to mount and start on; "this connecting road doesn't compare with the main pike; but we'll not try to make fast time along it. Here goes, Bantam, and may the same old good luck watch over us."

They started as quietly as they could, hoping that the wind was favorable, so that it might not carry the sound of their exhausts to the ears of Mr. Clifford and his party, in case they had halted, and were listening to try and locate the motorcycle pair.

Just as Mark had hinted, they found considerable difference between this road and the one recently left; for it was not kept in the same condition of repair; and more than a few times Mark would call out, warning his chum to beware of a bad hole, or a deep rut that might throw him, if once his wheels became fast in the same.

Bantam had several narrow escapes from a spill; and once his heart seemed to be in his mouth when he feared he was headed for a ditch that yawned alongside; but evidently the little fairy of good luck still hovered over them, for despite these shocks, he managed to hold his own, and was still in the saddle when Mark shouted the joyful intelligence that they were now coming to where this crossroad struck onto the other pike.

Sure enough, that crossroad had only been in the nature of a connecting link; and they were now heading once more toward their former destination, which was the vicinity of Old Forge up in the Adirondack country.

The afternoon was wearing on, and in another hour or so they must be thinking of stopping for the night. Mark could have kept on much longer, but he knew that for a beginner like Bantam they had already gone as far as it was wise. If he became too tired he might grow careless, and then an accident was sure to follow.

Accordingly, Mark began to keep an eye out for some attractive farmhouse which would seem to offer them an asylum for the night. He only hoped that they would find the farmers away up here more hospitable than they were around Cumminsville, where a wayfarer would have to try many times before he could find any tiller of the soil who would be willing to harbor and feed him overnight, unless the traveler were willing to sleep in the barn.

When he signaled to the one who came trailing along behind that they were going to stop, Bantam was well pleased. He would have sung out long before, and suggested something of the sort, only that his pride held him back, for he did not want Mark to know how he was suffering from being so long in that hard saddle.

There was a nice-looking farmhouse on a little rise close by the road. Trees surrounded it, and many clumps of bushes, besides. It had a real prosperous air, and Mark somehow felt sure that they would be well taken care of here, if so be they could influence the good people to let them stop over.

Perhaps the faces of the boys, after they had removed the disfiguring goggles and visors, may have had something to do with it, for the farmer and his wife soon gave them to understand that they would take care of them for the night; indeed, the man was considerably interested in the natty machines which the lads pushed alongside the house while talking, and meant to find out more about them before these two adventurous spirits quitted his hospitable roof.

It was not long before Mark and his chum were seated on a bench, stretching their cramped legs, and scenting the first preparations for an early farm supper, which had begun to steal out from the nearby kitchen; for they were, of course, ravenously hungry, as boys seem to get every few hours.

"This is what I call solid comfort," Bantam was saying, as he kept on sniffing the air, and smiling in his usual happy way. "We're made a heap of miles this afternoon, and given the old rascal Clifford the good-by; and now we're going to partake of a real genuine country supper, with the table just groaning under all the stuff these good farmers' wives always load it with. Could you think up a finer combination, tell me?"

Instead of answering him, Mark suddenly cocked his ear up, as tho listening; at which Bantam also assumed an air of trying to find out what it might be; his success was evident when he exclaimed:

"That's the popping of a motorcycle, as sure as you live, Mark!"

"And coming along the road lickety-split, too!" cried the other. "Quick! get hold of your machine; and push it around back of the house in a big hurry, Bantam!"

They were all springs at that, and the way those heavy machines went around the corner of the building was a caution. Mark being first, he had no sooner dropped his burden than he hastened back, to peep around the corner, for by the noise just below it was evident that the passing motorcycle must be just in front of the place at which they had put up. Bantam being less spry arrived too late to see the machine fly past, tho he could follow the line of rising dust, and manage just to distinguish the form in the saddle as the fast-moving traveler went booming along.

"Seems like we ain't the only pebbles on the beach, eh, Mark?" he observed.

"And do you know," replied his chum, gravely, "that fellow was Ferdy Clifford!"

Further chapters of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. Read it. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

* * *

Paradoxical Quality.

"There is one queer thing about grass widows."

"What is that?"

"You seldom find a green one."

Can you go thru a list of titles and pick out the best ones to fit 24 easy and fascinating pictures? If you think you can—and you should have no trouble in doing so—you should be in our $4,000.00 Cash Home Picturegame.

FREE In Your Home For One Month

NOTHING TO PAY FOR BUT QUALITY
THIERY

Style "H", Art Upright—just one of the sixteen exclusive styles of Thiery Instruments shown in the new Style Book. This new Style Book is printed in seven colors. It is a Style Book—not a Catalog—and is interesting from cover to cover.

Without Paying a Cent,
enjoy this guaranteed quality Thiery Piano in your home for a whole month

Absolutely free of expense, play on and enjoy this beautiful Thiery Piano in your home one month. Or choose *any one* of the sixteen new, exclusive styles of Thiery Pianos and Player Pianos shown in the new Thiery Style Book. Perhaps more than once, you've wished you could have a fine piano in your home a few weeks just to realize what a wonderful source of pleasure and enjoyment it is—or maybe just to convince some member of your family that it is the *best possible investment* for your home—really a *great necessity* and something the children *should have.* And now the opportunity is yours, without the *slightest promise on your part to purchase*

Any Thiery Piano or Player-Piano—Freight Prepaid

Any Thiery Instrument will be shipped direct to your nearest station, *freight paid.* Simply choose from the Style Book the piano you wish. No advance money. Use it, play on it and enjoy it. Determine its quality—its tone—its workmanship *in any manner* and by *any comparison you wish.* In the seclusion of your home, unmolested by agents, away from the annoyance and influence of dealers and big profit-seekers, just *prove to yourself* that the purchase of a Thiery Piano direct means—

Four beautiful Styles of Thiery Player Pianos, are shown in the new Thiery Piano Style Book.

Actually $75 to $150 More Piano Quality for Your Money

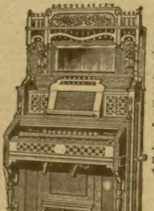
ART STYLE BOOK MAILED FREE

Yes! *Actually $75.00 to $150.00 more quality for your money.* If not, simply ship back at my expense. No 'ifs' or 'ands', simply SHIP BACK. Do you know that Thiery Pianos are the most popular and the fastest selling pianos advertised and sold direct to the home? No agents or dealers. No fancy prices, no fancy profits. You won't have a Thiery Piano two days before *you'll be anxious to keep it* and then if you decide to do so—

Spread Out the Payment Over a Period of Two or Three Years Time if You Want to

Pay for it while you are enjoying it, in little by little amounts that you'll make without any extra effort. Monthly or quarterly payments. Two or three payments per year or a dozen other ways. Really a specially arranged charge account buying plan, *absolutely confidential* and *without a particle of publicity.* You name the payment dates that are most suitable to you. Hundreds of homes all over the country are buying Thiery Instruments on this charge account plan.

If You Would Like a Beautiful Parlor Organ



Just send for the Thiery color-printed Organ Style Book. $2.50 per month buys one. Then, *five years after* you have it paid for, I'll take the organ back as part payment on any Thiery Piano you want and allow you *almost all you paid for it.* Thiery Organs are the real "Music-Makers" of all organs. Thirty days trial and test. 50,000 sold direct to homes in the past few years.

J. B. THIERY,
President
J. B. Thiery Co.
MILWAUKEE
WIS.

FREE
Art Style Book

J. B. THIERY, President, J. B. Thiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.—Please send me postpaid the new Thiery Art Style Book, trial order blanks, cash and charge account prices direct to home, testimonial letters from buyers and letter fully outlining your buying plans, all without any obligation on my part, just as advertised in Boyce Weeklies.

☐ PIANO BOOK ☐ PLAYER PIANO ☐ ORGAN BOOK

Check with (X) mark the book you wish.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

99

THE FAIRY CORNER

WHO'S IN OUR HOUSE?

Somebody is in our house,
His name I do not know;
I've been here five years yesterday,
He came three days ago—
Yet everybody, great and small,
Talks of him all day long,
Of how he looks, and how he eats,
And if he's well and strong!

Yes, only think—three days ago
It was when first he came,
And not a person in this house
Seems yet to know his name!
For when papa comes down the stairs
To breakfast, he will say,
"Can anybody tell me how
The stranger is today?"

And when nurse dresses me she holds
Her finger in my face,
And says, "Now don't make a noise,
Or romp about the place,
For there's a darling little man
You must not dare to wake;
So now, my dear, just tiptoe fine,
And keep still, for his sake!"

I cannot shout, or run, or play,
But am obliged to creep—
And all because some fellow comes
In our house to sleep!
But papa says that I may see
This little stranger man,
And then, you may be very sure,
I'll find out all I can!

A BURGLAR STORY.

It is wonderful how burglars always seem to know when you are all alone in the house. There must be a fairy burglar somewhere who has ways of spreading the news. Of course if there are fairy queens and witches and godmothers, there is no reason why there shouldn't be fairy burglars.

Ethel and Rose both believed in burglars, but, strange to say, they had outgrown their belief in fairies.

Ethel was 16, quite grown up; Rose was 12, and she thought Ethel knew everything. Perhaps Ethel thought so, too, but, if she did, no one ever heard her say so, for she rarely talked about herself.

Whatever Ethel knew, she could do a great many things. She rode horseback on a fiery little colt, who would not let any other lady come near him. She could beat Cousin Tom, who was 16 also, at a half-mile boat race; she could sail a boat and she had a good golfing record. Moreover, she was not afraid of anything, much less burglars.

That is why she insisted upon staying alone with Rose in the cottage one night in October. Father and mother had gone back to the city house and had taken all the servants but faithful Nellie and Jim, who had been man-of-all-work for Mr. Moore for twenty years.

Ethel and Rose both hated to leave the cottage so early in the fall, so they had begged to stay. Mrs. Moore had some buying to do, as she was planning to refurnish the town house, and Mr. Moore's business called him, but they consented to let the girls stay two days longer with Nellie and Jim.

At 8 o'clock of the night father and mother had gone, Nellie came out on the piazza, where the girls were sitting, making wishes to "Star light, star bright."

"I'm in great trouble, Miss Ethel," she said. "Me mither is took sick, very bad, quite suddint like, an' it's a good twenty mile to her, an' no train. Jim's bin down to the liv'ry to get some one to take me, but th' teams is all off to th' picnic an' th' man says as how there's not a horse among them as'll be fit to go twenty miles when they get back."

"Then Jim must take you, of course, Nellie. I'm so sorry. But maybe you will find your mother better when you get to her. Tell Jim to harness right up. Rose and I will help you get ready."

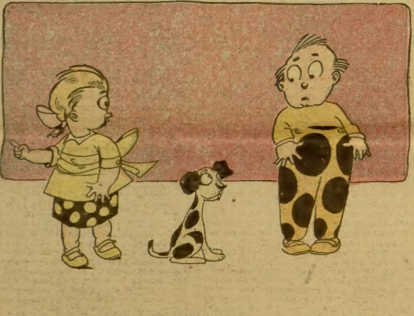
"But that'll leave you two all alone an' if anythin' should——"

"What nonsense," cried Ethel, "what could happen to us? Of course, Jim must go and at once. We're not a bit afraid, are we, Rosie? I guess I'm stronger than Jim, anyhow."

Nellie and Jim, with many cautions and protestations, were finally started off and the two girls were left alone.

It is queer how things that seem quite safe and cozy and homelike when all the family are around seem altogether different when you are alone.

The piazza, where the girls had been talking to the stars, seemed, the minute the carriage wheels rolled away, to be having a shadow ball. Dark shadows played puss in the corner among the vines, the rocking chair creaked ominously all by itself, and Rosie shivered a little as the night breeze came sighing thru the pines outside the cottage.



"I heard Aunty say the "thermometer dropped,'"
Said May, "but it ain't so at all,
For I ran to see, and to help pick it up,
And 'twas still hanging there on the wall!"

Ethel put on a very brave front. "Now I'm a very brave hero, and I'll protect you. You shall come into sleep with me tonight; meanwhile, as we are our own mistresses, let's sit up till midnight."

Rosie agreed. She had never sat up as late as 12 in all her life.

"And let's make molasses candy in the kitchen," went on the valiant Ethel. "There's nothing quite so cheerful as a kitchen with the smell of boiling molasses about it."

They locked all the doors and windows on the first floor and made molasses candy in the kitchen. Then as they ate it, Ethel read Rose some exciting stories. But in spite of the exciting part Rosie went sound asleep before it was 12 o'clock. She was curled up on the big fur rug that she and Ethel had brought from the hall into the kitchen.

Ethel read to herself until she, too, was sleepy; then she woke Rose and together they went upstairs.

"We aren't a bit lonely yet, are we, Rose?" Ethel said brightly.

"Well," yawned Rose, "we aren't really, but down underneath I wish we had gone to the city with papa and mamma."

Ethel laughed and talked until they were quite ready for bed; then, all of a sudden, there came a rumbling sound from the parlor, which was just under them.

"Hark!" said Ethel and Rose together. Thru the stillness of the night it sounded very fearsome.

Rose began to whimper.

"Hush, dear," said Ethel. "If it is burglars they mustn't know there is any one in the house. We'll lock our door and keep very quiet."

Ethel softly locked her door and hugged Rosie close up to her in the far corner of the room.

"I'm sure they'll take my new music box," whispered Rose, as the racket continued. "And my new game of crokinole and my little wicker rocker and my new golf clubs and the cabinet with all my shells."

Frightened as she was, Ethel could hardly keep from giggling as she saw in fancy a masked burglar crawling out of the window laden down with wicker rockers, tall cabinets, music boxes and golf clubs.

The noise ceased presently, but the two frightened girls sat huddled up in one corner listening for four long hours.

By that time it was beginning to grow a little light in the east, and they both crawled into bed too tired to move, and before they knew it they were fast asleep.

It was bright daylight when they awoke, and faithful Jim was shouting to them from under the window. He had gotten fresh horses and come right back to his charges. His face never seemed so handsome and trustworthy before.

They dressed and went down stairs, fully persuaded that they would find their pretty parlor and dining-room robbed of their treasures. To their amazement nothing had been disturbed. Everything was as they left it, with the exception of the folding doors that led from the dining-room into the parlor. They had been left closed, now they were wide open.

The big Maltese cats, Grendel and Gurtha, which slept in the kitchen, were as sleek and comfortable-looking as ever; they did not seem to have been disturbed by burglars.

Ethel and Rose sat down to a merry little breakfast of their own cooking.

"I think we will go down to the city today, won't we Rose?" Ethel asked, as she poured the cocoa.

"Yes," said Rosie. "Oh! Oh! Look at Grendel and Gurtha!"

Ethel looked. The folding doors had been closed again, all but an inch, and into this inch Grendel and Gurtha were each inserting a paw. Ethel and Rose watched them breathlessly.

With no apparent effort Grendel pushed on one door and Gurtha on the other; with a loud rumbling noise the doors rolled back on their rollers, Grendel and Gurtha both pushing till they were wide open.

Ethel looked at Rose and Rose at Ethel.

"Burglars!" they exclaimed. It was the very sound they had heard the night before. Then how they laughed. And how Jim laughed when they told him all about it.

They arrested Grendel and Gurtha in the name of the law and put them in closet prison for two whole minutes. Then they packed up and went to the city.

TO LITTLE BABY.

Good night to little baby, and on his eyes be pressed
The lips that kiss to slumber the lids that dream of rest;
For here in peace he slumbers,
Nor hears nor knows of strife—
Forgetting those who go to death
While he's just come to life.

Good night to little baby, and here no thought shall lie
To set the warm heart breaking nor dim with tears the eye.
Above him stars in heaven,
Around him wings that ward—
No cannon where the cradle rocks,
No bugle and no sword.

Good night to little baby, and in his soul, God's grace,
To fend him from the battle all his length of time and place.
For here are hates forgotten,
And by this couch of dream
No echo of war's wailing,
No crimson sabers gleam.

SAND TOBOGGAN.

A writer in St. Nicholas says: "To love to plunge down cellar flaps or baluster railings may seem odd to the logical minds of parents, but probably all the world over, from Eskimo to equatorial pygmy, boys and girls find it the greatest joy to dive headforemost down something or other.

"In the deserts of the Southwest, where snow never falls and water is a rarity, the too plentiful sand offers the means of satisfying this craving. I was recently exploring some sand dunes in the Colorado desert, to which the 13-year-old son of my host had conducted me. While I was intent on my notes and photographing I heard the patter of bare feet behind me and in a minute my lively young friend shot past me with a shout, threw up his heels and plunged headlong down the steep slope of a thirty-foot dune, on the edge of which I was standing. By using a little arm motion he easily slid to the bottom, and when he had rubbed the sand out of his hair and nose he was ready for another descent.

"He and his sister think sand tobogganing the height of fun, and since there aren't many sources of amusement open to children of that region, it isn't surprising that the sight of those slants of clean white sand should have 'taught the young idea how to chute'!"

STRANGE.

Harry, 5 years old, was sent by his mother to bring her shoes. There were two pairs of shoes there. Harry took the first two he got hold of, which happened to be one lace and one button shoe, and brought them to his mother. His mother called his attention to the fact that the shoes did not match, and asked him why he did not bring a pair. He replied: "There was no pair there. The ones I left don't match, neither."

ACENTS WANTED
AGENTS 100% PROFIT
New Invention 10 in One
TWO POUNDS BUTTER
ONE MINUTE IN BUTTER MAKER
TOTAL VALUE-72
TOTAL COST-40
YOU SAVE 32¢
WONDERFUL NEW BEATER
Combined Mayonnaise Mixer, Egg Beater, Cream Whip, Butter Maker, Measuring Glass, Liquid and Dry Measure, etc.
BUTTER AT 4c A POUND
Every woman buys on sight. Splendid cooking help. Beats eggs and cream in half the time. Makes wonderful desserts. Miller sold 10 in four hours. Heaton made $7.50 first day. Selling like hot cakes. Write quick for free demonstrating sample and agency
Thomas Beater Co., 4517 East St., Dayton, Ohio

BIG MAIL FREE!
POST OFFICE
Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

Vacant Government Land
HOW TO GET A FARM FREE
A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : ::
FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS
About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them
Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.
PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c, POSTPAID.
W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents, three packages, 25 cents. Address
PENN PUBLISHING CO., Parnassus, Pa.

Boys! Earn $1.00 to $5.00 a Week
selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger, Farming Business and Lone Scout. These are the greatest weekly papers, and people in every town want some one they can buy from each week. We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you at one time, on Friday. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman or boy. Easy to sell and build up a route of steady customers. Only one report for you to make out each week. You make 2c on every nickel you take in for sale of Blade, Ledger, Farming Business, and 1c on each 2c you take in on Lone Scout. You can't lose. You don't send us any money until you sell the papers. Each active agent for our papers is appointed a Lone Scout by Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts, who sends badge and certificate of membership and a booklet of instructions in this great organization. Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit. We tell you how to get customers.
W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL. Send This Coupon Today
I accept the agency for your 4 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. I will be pleased to receive my certificate of membership in the Lone Scouts and badge and booklet of instructions from Chief Totem.
Name..
Street or R. F. D. No..
Age ....Town ....State.............C. L.

Ledger Embroidery

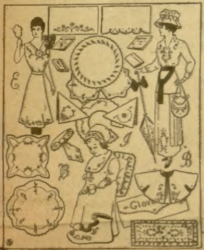
We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra. These designs are stamped on the best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described. You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them. Any person can get one or all of the designs shown by sending us the amount of subscriptions to either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade, required in the description under each article.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade $1.00 a year each; 6 months for 50 cents. The Blade and Ledger together $1.50 a year (52 issues); 6 months for 75 cents; 4 months 50 cents.

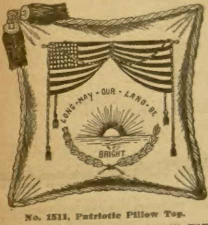
……………………CUT THIS OUT AND SEND WITH ORDER……………………

CHICAGO LEDGER, 500-514 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.
Embroidery Department:—
Enclosed please find $…………for………………………subscription to
(Name Time)
the………………………………… Please send me free of all cost the
(Ledger or Blade or Both)
embroidery outfit No………………………………………
NAME ………………………………………………
P. O. ………………………………………………
Street No. or R. F. D………………………………………
Town ……………………………State…………………
This is a……………………………Subscription.
(New or Renewal)



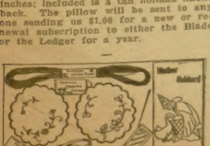
No. 520, Stamping Outfit.

NO. 520, STAMPING OUTFIT.—Just consider how much an outfit like this would cost if you were to buy it from any fancy work store. Every lady will appreciate this offer. It consists of 6 large sheets of perforated patterns of the following designs: Linen suits, corset covers, shirtwaist, dresses, baby bib, baby cap, centerpieces, collars and cuffs and many others. Sent with a year's subscription to either the Blade or the Ledger for $1.00.


LONG · MAY · OUR · LAND · BE
BRIGHT

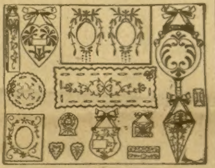
No. 1511, Patriotic Pillow Top.

NO. 1511, PATRIOTIC PILLOW TOP.—Show your colors, let every one know that you are proud of the fact that you live in the land of the free and home of the brave. At this time when history is being made and the map of the other half of the world is being changed is the time to show your loyalty to the American flag. The design is tinted in artistic colors on tan ticking 21x21 inches; included is a tan holland linene back. The pillow will be sent to any one sending us $1.00 for a new or renewal subscription to either the Blade or the Ledger for a year.



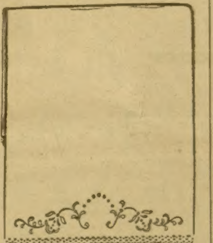
No. 1025, Child's Embroidery Outfit.

NO. 1025, CHILD'S EMBROIDERY OUTFIT.—With this complete and practical embroidery outfit for children the little ones will pass many pleasant hours learning to embroider "just like mamma does." It consists of: One pair of embroidery hoops, one embroidery needle, one skein of mercerized cotton, one stamped piece for outline embroidery, four stamped doilies, one sheet of comical transfer patterns, one instruction sheet, and an 8-page embroidery booklet. All sent prepaid for a year's subscription, new or renewal, at $1.00, to the Blade or Ledger.



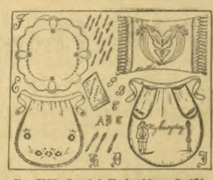
No. 1515, Novelty Outfit.

NO. 1515, NOVELTY OUTFIT—This outfit consists of double picture frame; single picture frame; oblong pin cushion; round pin cushion; calendar; hat pin holder; match scratcher; match holder; needle case; jewel case; and three satchets. All stamped on Irish white linen. We also include 10 skeins of white embroidery floss. Sent for $1.00 worth of subscriptions to the Ledger or the Blade, or for $1.00 in subscriptions to both papers.



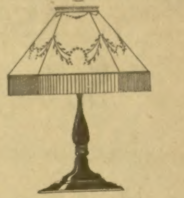
No. 5033, Bath Towel.

NO. 5033, BATH TOWEL.—Nothing is prettier than a fancy embroidered and crocheted bath towel. The design is stamped on a superior quality of absorbent crash, better than Turkish toweling, and it measures 18x38 inches. With each stamped towel, we include two skeins of white floss for embroidering; one ball of fast color blue crocheting cotton; three crochet needles, and one set of initial transfers (four different styles). This complete set will be sent for $2.00 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to The Saturday Blade or the Chicago Ledger.



No. 5018, Special Embroidery Outfit.

NO. 5018, SPECIAL EMBROIDERY OUTFIT.—This is one of the best bargains we have ever been able to secure for our subscribers. We hope all our subscribers will take advantage of the opportunity while the stock lasts. The outfit consists of the following: One pillow top, size 17x21 in. tinted on pure brown linen; one centerpiece, size 18x18 in., stamped on white art cloth; one apron, stamped on white lawn; one clothes pin apron, stamped on ecru art linene; twelve skeins of white cotton floss, for working out designs on tea apron and centerpiece; three skeins of colored floss, for outlining design on pillow top; four complete transfers, alphabets for marking lingerie, baby wear, table cloths and napkins; one 8-page illustrated embroidery booklet, giving description of all the principal stitches in embroidery. The whole outfit sent for subscriptions to the Blade and the Ledger amounting to $1.50.



No. 4071, Lampshade.

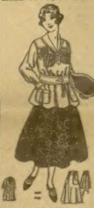
NO. 4071, LAMPSHADE—How many times have you looked with envy at the beautiful lampshade made by one of your friends? Here is your opportunity to get one of these latest design lampshades. This one is stamped on white Irish linen and six skeins of mercerised floss are sent you to work the design. Given for $1.50 in subscriptions to either the Blade or the Ledger or for $1.50 in subscriptions to both papers.

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

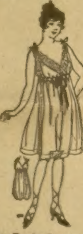
Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

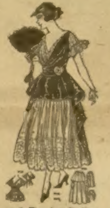
We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



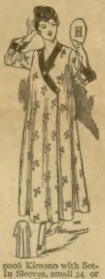
8809 Middy Blouse for Misses and Small Women 16 and 18 years.
9135 Two or Three-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



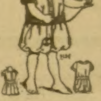
8901 Empire Combination, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.



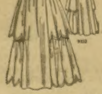
9136 Evening Bodice, 34 to 44 bust.
9099 Straight Skirt with Yoke, 24 to 30 waist.



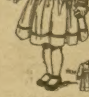
9006 Kimono with Set-In Sleeves, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 bust.



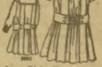
9124 Child's Bathing Suit, 2, 4 and 6 years.



9133 Flounced Skirt, 24 to 30 waist.



9134 Child's Dress, 2, 4 and 6 years.



8003 Girl's Dress, 8 to 12 years.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free five pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the five that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get ten coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the five pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these five coupons entitling you to five patterns, fill out the blank below and enclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

……………………CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US……………………

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to Five Pattern Coupons. **Canada Subscription Price $1.50 per year.**

NAME…………………………………………………
Street No.
or R. F. D…………………………………………………
Box…………Town…………………………………………
This is a………………Subscription. State………………………
(New or Renewal)

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**

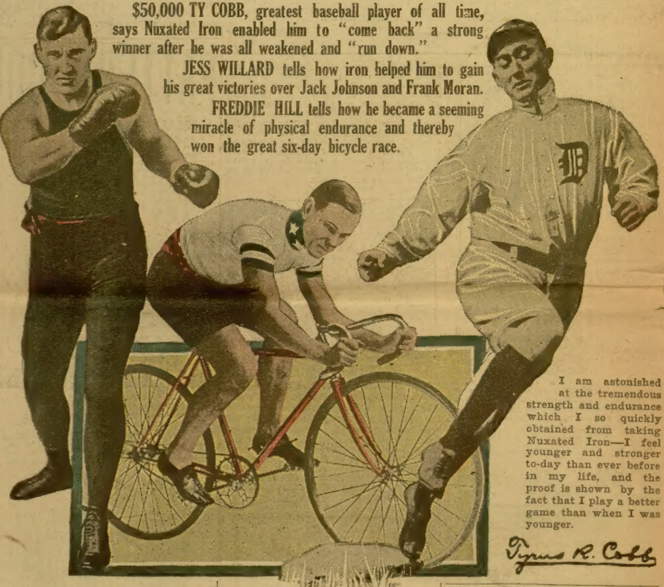
How These World's Champion Athletes and Strong Men Obtained Almost Superhuman Strength and Endurance—Nuxated Iron

Put the "Stay There" Strength and "Pep of Youth" Into Their Blood—

Physician explains why taking Nuxated Iron so quickly gave these men such tremendous force, strength and power.

Why it so quickly brought "Ty" Cobb back to his old stride; how it helped make Jess Willard such a giant of strength and endurance that the hardest blows of great prize-fighters fell harmlessly on his mighty frame.

How you may quickly obtain renewed youthful energy and vigor—Ordinary Nuxated Iron often increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 200 per cent. in two weeks' time.



$50,000 TY COBB, greatest baseball player of all time, says Nuxated Iron enabled him to "come back" a strong winner after he was all weakened and "run down."

JESS WILLARD tells how iron helped him to gain his great victories over Jack Johnson and Frank Moran.

FREDDIE HILL tells how he became a seeming miracle of physical endurance and thereby won the great six-day bicycle race.

I am astonished at the tremendous strength and endurance which I so quickly obtained from taking Nuxated Iron—I feel younger and stronger to-day than ever before in my life, and the proof is shown by the fact that I play a better game than when I was younger.

Tyrus R. Cobb

New York, N. Y.—When interviewed in his apartment at Bretton Hall, Ty Cobb said: "Hundreds of people write to me to know how I train and what I do to keep up that force and vitality which enables me to play practically every day of the entire baseball season. They wonder why I can play a better game to-day than when I was younger.

"The secret is keeping up the supply of iron in my blood—exactly what everyone else can do if they will.

"At the beginning of the present season I was nervous and run down from a bad attack of tonsilitis, but soon the papers began to state: 'Ty Cobb has "come back." He is hitting up the old stride.' The secret was iron—Nuxated Iron filled me with renewed life.

"Now they say I'm worth $50,000 a year to any baseball team, yet without plenty of iron in my blood I wouldn't be worth five cents. Nuxated Iron supplies that 'stay there' strength and vim that makes men of mark and women of power."

In a discussion on the best methods for gaining strength, in his apartment in the Colonial Hotel, Mr. Willard said: "Yes, I have a chemist with me to study the value of different foods and products as to their power to produce great strength and endurance, both of which are so necessary in the prize-ring. On his recommendation I have often taken nuxated iron, and I have particularly advocated the free use of iron by all those who wish to obtain great physical and mental power. Without it I am sure that I would never have been able to whip Jack Johnson so completely and easily as I did, and while training for my fight with Frank Moran I regularly took nuxated iron, and I am certain that it was a most important factor in my winning the fight so easily."

In response to a question in the office of his manager on Broadway, Freddie Hill, the champion endurance racer of the world, said: "In no test of endurance and stamina do men need such a tremendous, reserve strength and power as in a six-day bicycle race. Doctors have always told me, and I believe I have proven it in my own case, that the blood must be filled with iron to stand the terrific strain on mind and body. I consider that Nuxated Iron is the best and most surely effective form in which this greatest of all strength builders can be taken.

I consider that plenty of iron in my blood is the secret of my great strength, power and endurance.

Jess Willard

People marvel at my great strength and endurance and wonder how I "came back" so quickly after having had such a disastrous fall, inflicting concussion of the brain. The secret is Nuxated Iron. It has put the old time "pep" and vim into my blood, and actually made me a stronger and better man than I was at any previous time in my whole career.

Freddie Hill

Continuing, Dr. Sauer said: "These are only three out of hundreds of cases which I could cite from my own personal experience, which prove conclusively the astonishing power of nuxated iron to restore strength and vitality even in most complicated chronic conditions."

Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over, iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved, who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver and heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless.

Many an athlete or prize fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.—E. Sauer, M. D.

NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. Sauer, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.